Saturday Review of Literature

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Thomas Mann, author of "Doctor Faustus." *(See page 11)*

The Scientific Production of Love

By JOHN F. WHARTON

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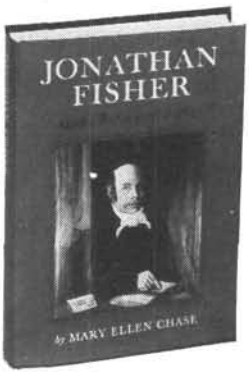

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October 30, 1948

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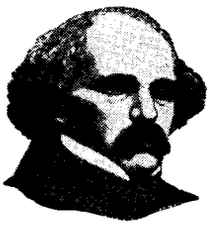

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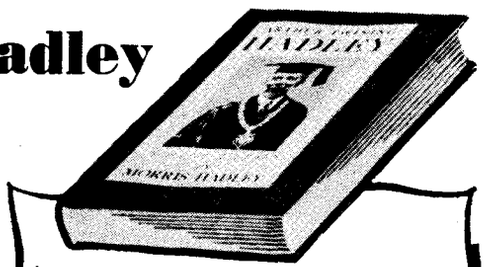

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TRADE Winds

DESPITE CHRONIC shortages of funds and the vast indifference of too large a percentage of the general populace, the public libraries in America are doing a wonderful job today for the cause of good books—better, in fact, than a lot of publishing houses I could mention. The efforts of individual librarians are particularly noteworthy.

In Seattle, John S. Richards and his staff, recognizing the terrifying lack of community interest in the implications of atomic fission, and brooding over the very narrow circulation of all the books available on the subject, decided to make a bid for attention with a paid display ad in the *Seattle Times*. The book chosen for the experiment was a good one, though its circulation to date had been negligible: "Must Destruction Be Our Destiny?" by Harrison Brown. The library also prepared a special leaflet listing other titles on the subject, and set up a browsing collection in the main lobby of the central branch. The results were amazing. The library had to order a hundred additional copies of the Harrison Brown book. A motion-picture program and forum, based on the Bikini operation, was the next step in the campaign. It drew an overflow audience. Vastly encouraged, the Seattle Library has embarked upon a regular advertising campaign for books it considers deserving, supplemented by publicity releases and "dodgers" mailed to thousands of Seattle readers. This is the kind of cooperation the Book Publishers Council has dreamed about for years!

In Louisville, Clarence "Skip" Graham, another live wire, is making the public library the center of the city's culture. All the new books are there for borrowers as a matter of course; in addition there are daily noontime record concerts, educational films, courses given at all branches in cooperation with the University of Louisville, and an extensive television program in preparation. "In New York," observes Graham, "you go to a bar to see television. In Louisville, you will come to the Free Public Library."

John Richards and Skip Graham are only two examples of the librarian of today. I told you in another column about Bess Vaughan, who gave up an assured career as a Hollywood glamor girl to build up the Louisiana library system. (I wonder how she's getting along with the new governor.) In December, I'm off for an abbreviated swing through the Middle West. En route, I look forward to meeting more of the librarians who are doing so much today to increase the circulation of really worth-while books. . . .

SPEAKING OF THE BOOK Publishers Council, that occasionally hard-to-budge body has embarked upon a radical innovation. It will make a one-year practical field study of all the conflicting theories concerning local book advertising, special promotion and posters, direct mail by booksellers, pre-publication hoopla, authors' autographing parties, radio "spots," and all the other gimmicks designed to sell more books to more people. The council is calling its experiment the "Ohio Book Project," and has placed the knowing Joe Duffy in charge of it.

Ohio was selected for the study because it approaches the "ideal American book market," with many large cities and towns, fine schools, colleges, libraries, and newspapers, a high average income—and some of the smartest booksellers in the country. Joe Duffy and his staff will be able to turn for data and advice to such notables as John Kidd and Bessie Merrill in Cincinnati, Veronica Hutchinson, Anne Udin, Charlie Jackson, Howard Klein, Anne Levine, Richard Laukhuff, and Harry Korner in Cleveland, Mrs. Teeter in Columbus, Helen Tiffany in Toledo, and Ellen Smith and Charles McLean in Dayton. At the end of a year, Duffy ought to have a pretty good idea of what is effective and what is obsolete in the present sales and promotion methods of the publishing fraternity. Whether or not any two publishers will be able to agree on the implications of his report is another story. . . .

THE NEED FOR AMERICAN publishers to broaden their markets and secure new outlets was emphasized by *Business Week* in a survey that made all too clear the diminishing profit margin in the book business today. Sales are down from the wartime peak, costs are fantastically higher, and only a small percentage of the increased costs can be passed on with safety to the consumer. There it is in a nutshell, and the fact that the same problem confronts dozens of other industries does not make the publishers any happier. Comments *Business Week:* "Few members of the book-publishing industry have capital stock outstanding in the hands of the general public. Their shares, with few exceptions, have long been closely held by relatively small groups. As a result, only a few of the operating statements of the book business are open for public inspection. The ones that do have stock outstanding, and must therefore publish annual reports, would indicate that 1947 profits were still above the prewar level." (Prentice-Hall showed a net profit of $1,354,296. [But how much of that was earned by the trade-book department?]; Bobbs-Merrill, $201,421; Henry Holt

"Really, I don't know—suppose we run through the 'Beecham' again."

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was down to $2,832. The Book-of-the-Month Club, incidentally, showed a net profit of $1,665,717.) *Business Week* concludes, "The path will not be so smooth from here on." As a matter of fact, companies without benefit of big back lists and valuable subsidiary rights are having hard sledding right now, and even the big book clubs are feeling the pinch. . . .

SOME WEEKS AGO the readers of *Life* were treated to a gloomy dissertation on current American fiction, so vitriolic and patronizing that insiders promptly tabbed the author as a fugitive from Harold Ross's bane-gang at *The New Yorker*. The article was titled "Bosom Versus Gutter," and deplored present-day novelists' preoccupation with crime, obscenity, and S-E-X. Henry James, William Dean Howells, and Nathaniel Hawthorne, the author recalled, were content to write about normal Americans, who enjoyed their families and led orderly and respectable lives.

John Houseman, in the *New York Star,* admitted that novelists have different ideas today than they had seventy years ago, but thought that the research should be carried further. He proposed "a careful comparison (advertising included) between any dozen issues of *Harper's Weekly,* as published in the second half of the well-ordered nineteenth century, and any dozen of last year's issues of one of our big-circulation illustrated weeklies—shall we say, choosing at random, *Life*?" . . .

THE 1949 CONVENTION of the American Booksellers Association will be held in Washington, beginning May 15. Sam Pocker has been named chairman. . . . Chester Kerr is making a countrywide survey of university presses, under a grant from the Rockefeller Foundation. . . . With Harnett Kane's "Bride of Fortune" and Bob

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Tallant's "Angel in the Wardrobe" hitting the bookstalls at the same time and Mme. Keyes's "Dinner at Antoine's" just around the corner, the New Orleans literary sun is shining high, and Tess Crager, Elsa Maxwell of the bayous, is up to here in receptions and parties. . . .

THE AUTHOR of a famous book on economics received a phone call from a stranger last week. "I question your statistics on the high costs of living today," said the stranger. "My wife and I eat everything our hearts desire and we get it for exactly sixty-eight cents a week."

"Sixty-eight cents a week!" echoed the economist. "I can't believe it! Won't you tell me how? And to make sure I get your story straight, please speak louder."

"I can't speak louder," said the stranger. "I'm a goldfish."

—BENNETT CERF.

Delia Crane

By Millicent L. Pettit

WITH never a future nor a past,
Delia Crane is dead at last,
The present all she ever knew,
A here and now of ladling stew.

Of ladling stew and broiling fish,
She has prepared her final dish
And put away the last clean spoon,
Late on Tuesday afternoon.

Her sins were many, so she thought,
Candles burned and more were bought.
Kneeling by her iron bed,
Whispered prayers she said and said.

Her wages spent upon her soul,
She'd waited for this bell to toll.
Her Jesus was her only love;
His arms she felt unworthy of.

She had no husband, bore no child,
Unprotesting, reconciled,
Swollen legs, her hair in strings,
Pot-worn hands unlit by rings.

I doubt she ever saw a star,
Wished on one or looked afar
Beyond the sink, the steaming food
She cooked for others. It was good.

It was good and so was she,
A word used indiscriminately.
So call the priest, read from the Book,
May Jesus take this tired cook.

Take her to His gracious breast,
Make her lovely, let her rest;
With the saints, then let her share
A feast that she did not prepare.

WIDE WORLD PHOTO

Mr. Sherwood's excitement is contagious . . .

The famous writer and confidant of F.D.R. and Hopkins reveals what has been hidden in Harry Hopkins' forty cases of private documents about the great men and the great events of the Roosevelt era.

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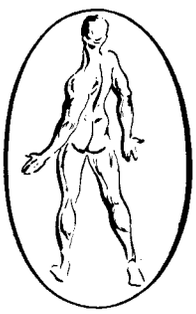

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The Saturday Review of Literature

The Scientific Production of Love

JOHN F. WHARTON

—*Halsman.*

John F. Wharton

SOME sixty years ago, a remarkable man in Central Europe posed for himself an extraordinary quest. Instead of exhorting people to love and serve their neighbors in order to be happy (which they somehow stubbornly refused to do), he set out to find a way to make people healthy and happy enough so that love of their neighbors followed automatically. If the meager evidence we have is true, he succeeded well enough to permit one to say that there exists in the world today the basic theory, data, and techniques for the scientific production of health, happiness, and love.

This may seem a startling statement, but is it really so startling? During the 1930's we witnessed, particularly in Germany, an extraordinary development of techniques for the scientific inculcation of hate on a mass production basis. Why, then, should we believe it to be impossible to learn techniques for inculcating love? Especially when, despite all the trial and tribulation of human history, the vague but unshaken belief persists that people *ought* to be happy and love each other.

The man in question was named Dr. Roger Vittoz. He practised medicine in Switzerland from 1886 to 1925. The only statement of his theories written in English is one unfinished book.* It is from this material that I shall try to sketch his psychology and his therapy.

The key to Vittoz's psychology was his conception of the Superconscious; the key to his therapy was his discovery of the rhythm of the brain.

The Three "I's"

To understand the Superconscious it is necessary to understand what Vittoz conceived to be the meanings of the pronoun "I." He had observed, as most of us have, that when people used that pronoun they sometimes meant their physical body, sometimes their mental processes, sometimes their emotional feelings,—occasionally a fusion of all three. Take the following statement:

I tell myself that I'm a fool to think I get relaxation from drinking, but I can't stop.

In effect this says that my mental self is telling my physical self that my emotional self is a fool, but that I—meaning at that point a fusion of all three—can't stop.

Let us look briefly at these three selves.

We know more about our physical self than any other, although even that knowledge is absurdly small. What causes sleep, for example? We know there is a dualism; we have voluntary and involuntary processes. We know such things as that when we cut our body, it bleeds. We generally accept the fact that when we have great physical pain we should go to a doctor, and not try to handle the situation ourselves.

We know even less about our mental self, although it has been the fashion for two thousand years to ascribe an overwhelming importance to it. We have no idea where it begins or ends or just what it might consist of. We associate it principally with thinking and knowledge (a collection of facts). We know some facts are fresh

in our minds and some deeply buried in the unconscious or subconscious. There is a dualism in this self too; we have thoughts we utter and thoughts we do not utter. We are frequently surprised by the tricks our mental self seems to play on us in matters of motive and memory, but we usually try to manage it without professional aid, and a sorry job most of us do.

In the Vittoz psychology, the emotional self is the body with which we *feel*. It is the body in which we live the most, and the one we know the very least about. Stupendously stupid, isn't it? Ask anyone what he wants most and he'll tell you he wants to *feel* well; yet we know almost nothing about what makes us feel at all. And when this emotional self is in trouble, many people are still ashamed to seek professional aid.

Quite recently we have learned that the inevitable dualism is present in the emotional self. There are conscious desires and subconscious ones. We have also learned that uncovering subconscious desires and bringing them into the realm of conscious knowledge may be of enormous benefit to a bewildered man or woman. The Freudians at one time seemed to believe that this technique was the sure way to deal with all emotional upsets. Later evidence indicates that many cases do not yield to it. Vittoz, while not denying the enormous importance of subconscious exploration, sought to go directly to the Superconscious.*

Superconscious Energy

Let us now consider what we mean by the use of "I" in the sense of a fusion of the dualistic physical, mental, and emotional "I." This is a difficult concept. We know that no single one of the three "I's" explains our individuality; even when added together something is missing. Consider for a moment your state at the moment of

**AN UNFINISHED MANUSCRIPT: NOTES FOR A BOOK ON THE VITTOZ METHOD. By Josephine Van Slyck Thorn. 1937. Lancaster, Pa.: The Lancaster Press, Inc.*

**Vittoz used both the term Superconscious and the term Will. Neither word is entirely satisfactory. I have used the former word because it serves to emphasize the fact that Vittoz did not believe the Subconscious played the all-dominating role accorded by some modern psychologies.*

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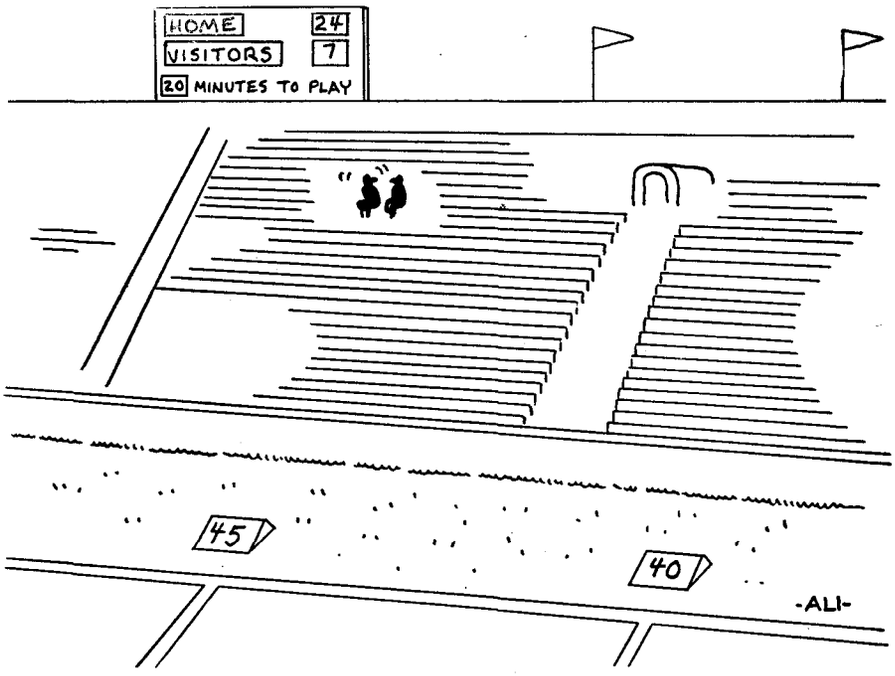

"Why can't we have a television set like everybody else?"

your conception—when you were a single cell brought to life by the union of a sperm and ovum. What made that cell divide and subdivide, form a brain to think with and legs to move with? Whence came the sensations we call emotions? One is tempted to postulate a fourth "I."

Obviously, an answer to the foregoing questions would be an answer to the mystery of life, and Vittoz made no claims to a solution of that problem. He assumed that the fusion of the three "I's" resulted in something greater than the sum of the parts, and that this something was what patients referred to when they said, "I am sick; I am depressed; I am on the verge of a nervous breakdown." Conversely, it was this same something that people referred to when they declared they felt fine, well, gay, or happy.

We cannot, as I said, learn what this something is, but we can observe its manifestations and develop a working theory. This is what Vittoz did. He observed first that the fused "I" was constantly (at least in waking hours) assembling data on which it made a decision for action. Our whole waking day is a series of such procedures.

Vittoz further observed that in the making of most of our decisions, there is more or less conflict between our physical, mental, and emotional selves. We would like to do a kindly action, but we are physically tired. We would like to be fair to someone, but we find he irritates us too much. Most of these conflicts we can handle reasonably well (although perhaps not well enough to make us proud of the human race). However, sometimes they reach a point where we cannot handle them at all. Then we have a state of unreleasable tension; then we are really ill. I will discuss this further later on in this essay.

On the other hand, Vittoz observed that there are stages in everyone's life where the fused "I" is in complete command; then we can make decisions freely, efficiently, and without fear. Still more important, in some of these stages, there arises a mysterious ability to create what we have dreamed of and to solve almost any problem, no matter how difficult. This is what may be called the Superconscious.

Superconscious Energy is something we have all experienced. If you have ever played any sport, ready examples will come to mind. There are days (alas, too rare for most of us) when all your shots come off, always with an ease that amazes you. We have similar experiences in the world of business; there are times when your problems almost seem to solve themselves for you.* The same thing is true of the creative arts. Bernard Shaw once told a friend that in writing some of the passages of St. Joan, he almost felt that something was guiding his hand. Examples could be multiplied very easily.

Vittoz developed some extraordinary implications from his observations of this force, which apparently anticipated much of the psychology of the past twenty years.

Chester I. Barnard in "The Functions of the Executive" (Harvard University Press, 1938) comes close to the flat position that success in business is due more to this mysterious, intuitional ability than it is to the capacity to reason logically from a vast store of knowledge.

Practical Implications

To begin with, he observed something which we can readily check with our own experience: When Superconscious Energy is flowing, one cannot hold a morbid thought. Hence he asserted that the persistent belief that happiness was our normal prerogative had a basis in fact. When the fused "I" is in command, when the emotional, mental, and physical selves are in harmony, when there are no unreleasable tensions, we *cannot* be unhappy.

Then he observed something still more remarkable: When you achieve that state, you must love someone other than yourself; you *must* cooperate with someone else.

This sounds astonishing, but consider the proposition for a moment. Let us try an analogy: The only time when a normal person gives any real thought to his physical body is when it is out of order. If you have a sprained ankle, you can't help thinking about it. The surest sign that it is cured is when you no longer think about it.

The same thing is true of our mental and emotional selves. When they are out of order, subject to unbearable conflicts, we *will* think and feel about them, and not even "service to others" can make us stop. But when they are in harmony, you do not think of them, any more than you think of that once-sprained ankle. *Then,* you stop thinking of you.

Now, much modern psychology holds that the fundamental urge which distinguishes man from other forms of life is the urge to grow and develop, both individually and as part of the race. This means that the highest happiness comes from cooperation in an act with another or others, for whom one feels great loyalty. Sexual intercourse of people who are really in love is an example virtually anyone can experience. Working for a cause—religious, political, or economic—does the same thing for some.

On the basis of these psychological principles, it seemed clear to Vittoz that his major problem was to find a technique which would bring the fused "I" into command. This is what he set about to discover.

Tension

Vittoz believed that the commonest cause of illness, physical, or psychical, was internal tension caused by insoluble conflicts between the mental, emotional, and physical selves. Much of his theory is commonly accepted today. We all know that if we live

(*Continued on page* 28)

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Mirror of the German Soul

Thomas Mann Closes an Account

CLAUDE HILL

THOMAS MANN'S new novel "Doctor Faustus,"* like most really great works of literature, can be interpreted on different levels. Loaded with a spiritual cargo that ever seems to outweigh the penetrating mental struggles of "The Magic Mountain," the book floats like a gigantic intellect-laden vessel in the shallow waters of current world literature; its readers can be compared to watchmen on guard who, according to their position on the shore or the strength of their telescopes, may get varying glimpses of the slowly drifting craft. A full view, however, will be afforded only to the faithful who have forgone impatience and have learned to focus accurately.

The subtitle of the novel: "The life of the German composer Adrian Leverkuehn," suggests a book about music. The title itself calls Goethe to mind. "Doctor Faustus" is a modern prose version of the old German folkbook and of Goethe's dramatic poem. The word "German" implies German background. And, indeed, the novel is about Germany. Knowing Mann's symbolism as evidenced by the life-transforming magic of his mountain sanatorium or by the myth-pregnant world of Joseph, one may expect a symbolic treatment of music, art, and intellect in our time. The book is just that. As a matter of fact, "Doctor Faustus" is all that and yet more. In a world that has long ceased to be simple and easily intelligible, the novel as the most modern and integrated form of literature must, of necessity, reflect the highly complex and technical aspect of our time; the traditional plot structure of nineteenth-century fiction has become obsolete—unless it be degraded to mere "entertainment" *à la* Hollywood.

Without attempting to do justice to "Doctor Faustus" on all of its many levels, this writer believes that the key to the novel is to be found in the word "German" of the subtitle. It is the German author Thomas Mann who tells the life of the German composer Leverkuehn, setting it against a German background, and borrowing the hero of a German legend for his title. And who does not immediately think of music when he speaks of German achievements? It would thus appear that the man whom destiny has burdened with the thankless position of *praeceptor Germaniae* in our time has finally written his long-awaited discussion of the German problem. The author, who shied at the physical homecoming after the war—for reasons only too justified—has spiritually returned to the country of his origin once more. Not to stay, to be sure, but to close an account that was long overdue, and to fulfil a mission that only he could fulfil: to hold up a symbolic mirror to the Germans in which they might recognize themselves.

Even before Oswald Spengler coined the adjective "faustian," which became almost synonymous with the peculiarly German quality of boundless striving, Faust had generally been accepted as a valid symbol for the German character. When Goethe hit upon the old legend of the magician and charlatan Faustus, who made a pact with the devil in order to receive all knowledge and worldly treasures in exchange for his soul, he was fully aware of the symbolic possibilities inherent in the folk tale and puppet play. It is surely not accidental that Germany's greatest man of letters worked on his tremendous Faust poem all his life; and the unique popularity of the completed work is ample evidence that the Germans have identified themselves with the fate and aspirations of the never-satisfied doctor who wished to know and to see and to accomplish everything under the sun.

ACCEPTING the thesis that Faust is a German symbol to a high degree, Thomas Mann has undertaken the rather pretentious task of increasing the symbolic validity. He has added where Goethe seemed to fall short: his Leverkuehn is not a medical doctor or a philosopher or a magician; he is a musician, a composer. Music, according to Mann, is demonic territory; modern anthropologists and psychologists, from Nietzsche to Freud, would seem to bear him out, considering the musical origin of dance and

THE AUTHOR: Sizing up the world today from his pale yellow, modern house in Pacific Palisades, California, Thomas Mann paints a broad, dark canvas. "We are living at an end time in the midst of a process that is about to dissolve bourgeois culture and society. War could only hasten that dissolving and revolutionizing process in a most catastrophical manner, and everybody ought to understand that the American way of life, in defense of which that war would allegedly be waged, would certainly perish in it without leaving as much as a trace." Until 1933, when he went to Switzerland to finish the first volume of the "Joseph" tetralogy, his life was happy—compounded of wealth, social position, fame, and a large, devoted family. With the success of his first novelette, "Gefallen," in 1894, written surreptitiously in an insurance office to which he was apprenticed, he gladly quit business for study and a carefree year in Rome. There he began "Buddenbrooks," whose inspiration was his big childhood home in Lübeck. It sold more than 1,000,000 copies, was widely translated, and finally burned by Hitler. A Davos sanatorium, where he stayed briefly with his amanuensis-wife in 1912, inspired "The Magic Mountain," completed in 1924. Meanwhile "Death in Venice" appeared—like "Tonio Kroeger," in 1903, and the current "Doctor Faustus," an analysis of genius. World War I provoked "Reflections of a Non-Political Man," a role he held to until 1936 over protests of his clamorously anti-Nazi brother Heinrich and eldest children, Erica and Klaus. His denunciation of the Third Reich that year cost him his German citizenship and an honorary doctorate. He responded with fire in "An Exchange of Letters." Migrating here in 1938, he spoke earnestly for democracy. "For reasons of power politics," he now says sadly "official America has ceased to consider Fascism an enemy but, rather, a potential ally against Communism . . . a most unfortunate constellation, which must be held largely responsible for the overall failure of our occupation policy."

—R. G.

**DOCTOR FAUSTUS: The Life of the German Composer Adrian Leverkuehn as Told by a Friend. By Thomas Mann. Translated from the German by H. T. Lowe-Porter. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1948. 500 pp. $3.50.*

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drama and its connection with early religious rites and tribal customs. Music is anti-rational, morally indifferent. Goethe, representative of the German spirit as he may be in other respects, was not very much interested in music; and, since music undoubtedly constitutes the most overwhelming and characteristic German achievement, Goethe and his non-musical Faust are not entirely representative of the German character. In his speech on "Germany and the Germans" (1945) Thomas Mann said: "It is a great fault of the legend and poem, that they do not link Faust with music. He should be a musical person, a musician."

In a world as complicated and specialized as ours no man can hope to branch out in as many fields and activities as Dr. Faust has done. Goethe has often been called the last universal mind of the Western World, and the catalogue of Faust's deeds is, indeed, well matched by his creator's activities. The nineteenth and early twentieth centuries have forced professional limitations on man without which even the most gifted genius would remain an amateur. It is a life job in our days to know one's field fully. Consequently, Thomas Mann—who, unlike Goethe, is not a prime minister or a theatre manager or a scientist—has made his Leverkuehn a musician and nothing else—except perhaps an unusually intelligent and mentally alert musician whose mind explores the limits of our modern physical experience. Leverkuehn is as much interested in unknown organic ocean life as in the astronomical facts of the universe, just as Faust would be if he were to explore the macrocosm today.

Martin Luther threw his ink-well at the devil and Goethe's Mephistopheles put in a very real physical appearance, but Leverkuehn's pact with the devil is, of course, an affair of his mind, a day-dreaming feat recorded in a letter, and entirely within the limits of modern psychology. The pact is not a real pact either; it is only the confirmation of the composer's previous determination to forgo human relations such as warmth and love for the sake of creative inspiration. No doubt this is only a new variation of Mann's old artist-bourgeois conflict, most eloquently voiced by Tonio Kroeger in his desperate perception that, in order to create, he would have to stand aside and let life go by. "Thou shalt not love!" is the price Adrian Leverkuehn is ready to pay, in return for which he is granted twenty-four years of the most exalted musical creation conceivable. Eleven compositions are the fruits which, incidentally, parallel in masterful fashion the whole development of modern music, from the first impressionistic orchestra piece, "Phosphorescence of the Sea," to the last oratorio, significantly named "Doctor Faust's Lament." Having completed his last and most monumental work, Leverkuehn pays the price: the devil takes him, *i.e.*, his latent insanity violently breaks out, and, after being temporarily confined to an asylum, he lingers on as a human wreck until his physical death in 1940.

If one concedes the demoniacal character of music as such, the conclusion is inescapable that a nation which has given the world its greatest music is more threatened by demonic forces than any other. As Thomas Mann would put it, such a nation must pay for its achievement in another sphere. It is the social and political sphere that suffers most. And is not Germany's history, with her abundance of brilliantly creative minds, a sad example of her equally characteristic inability to compromise in life and to get along with others? When Germany surrendered to Hitler and his loud-mouthed promises for world domination, did not the devil take her soul? When Leverkuehn renounced human warmth and affection in order to enjoy the most exalted creativeness in arrogant isolation, was he not symbolic of a nation that forfeited in a blind stupor of intoxication the love of all other countries in order to dominate the world? Is not Leverkuehn Germany?

THAT Adrian Leverkuehn should really represent Germany, something else is needed besides modernizing Faust's pact with the devil and making him a musician. He has to be tinted with the iridescent and seductive color of romanticism. To be sure, at the beginning of the last century, there was a wave of romanticism all over Europe, and the trend was by no means restricted to Germany. Yet the Germans have always considered it their most characteristic invention—not without reason, because in no other country has the anti-rational, death-celebrating movement of romanticism left so deep and lasting an imprint. The untranslatable quality of German *Innerlichkeit*, for instance, the lyricism and musicality of the German soul, the longing for death and inclination toward suicide, in short, everything that seems so unmistakably German, is it not in the last analysis romantic? The great Germans of the last hundred years—Schopenhauer, Wagner, Nietzsche, Freud, Mann—are they not deeply rooted in romanticism? Does not a direct road lead from the superman of Nietzsche to the master race of Hitler? Was not the latter, incidentally, an ardent admirer of that other great post-romanticist, Wagner?

One knows that the German dictator used to visit Nietzsche's sister in Weimar and, although it is extremely questionable that he ever read or comprehended the life-glorifying works of the sick philosopher, the affinity of Nazism to misunderstood Nietzscheism is a matter of history. In short: Nietzsche is not only the most potent heir of the romantic spirit in modern times but his very personality is representative of the German character; to know him means to understand Germany. And this is the reason why Leverkuehn must be Nietzsche, too.

In a speech on "Nietzsche in the Light of Modern Experience" (1947), Thomas Mann has masterfully evaluated the influence of the German philosopher. Delivered after the completion of "Doctor Faustus," the speech is in several respects a commentary on Leverkuehn, too:

> In the last analysis there are but two mental and inner attitudes, an esthetic and a moral one, and Socialism is a strictly moral way of looking at the world. Nietzsche, on the other hand, was the most complete and unredeemable esthete known to the history of the human mind, and his premise which contains his Dionysian pessimism, *i.e.*, that life can be justified only as an esthetic phenomenon—applies most exactly to himself, to his life, and to his work as a thinker and poet.

Leverkuehn is an artist, a musician,

My Current Reading

Thomas Mann, whose "Doctor Faustus" will probably soon be on everyone's reading list, has on his own desk:

DICHTUNG UND WAHRHEIT, *by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe*

SOME PLAYS, *by William Shakespeare*

GREGORIUS AUF DEM STEIN, *by Hartman von Aue*

THE KING AND THE CORPSE, *by Heinrich Zimmer, edited by Joseph Campbell (Pantheon)*

APE AND ESSENCE, *by Aldous Huxley (Harper)*

TOWARD WORLD PEACE, *by Henry A. Wallace (Reynal & Hitchcock)*

THE ROOSEVELT I KNEW, *by Frances Perkins (Viking)*

THE PLAGUE, *by Albert Camus (Knopf)*

A LITTLE TREASURY OF AMERICAN POETRY, *edited by Oscar Williams (Scribner)*

MUSIC HERE AND NOW, *by Ernst Krenek (Norton)*

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an esthete. His life, with its physical torments, its disease, its unbearable loneliness, is the life of Nietzsche. Some of his desperate outcries are literal quotations from the works of the philosopher. The letter to his friend and biographer, Serenus Zeitblom, in which he relates an incident that had brought him by mistake into a brothel in Leipzig, is almost identical with a letter written by Nietzsche to his friend Paul Deussen about a visit to a disreputable house in Cologne. It is this incident to which Thomas Mann attributes tremendous importance. Leverkuehn-Nietzsche, devoted to the spirit, unknowing and innocent in the matters of the flesh, experiences what the Freudians would call a fixation of his libido, a trauma: he returns to the prostitute, and through the unholy union—not meant for men like him—defying his nature and despite the warnings of the diseased girl, he infects himself. This is Leverkuehn's pact with the devil, and after twenty-four years of intensified and heightened musical creation such as "beyond this world," he pays the horrible price of paralysis of the brain. Like Nietzsche, he lingers on in the darkness of his mind until death takes away his mortal frame.

It may be argued that the insane philosopher Nietzsche is hardly representative of a whole nation. However, from the days of antiquity to the recent theories of psychoanalysis, the affinity of genius and mental disorder has been noticed and admitted—and not the least by Freud's faithful disciple Thomas Mann. And who has not been startled by the high percentage of insanity and suicide among Germany's greatest minds? In modeling Leverkuehn after Nietzsche, Thomas Mann seized upon the most valid symbolic figure of modern Germany, for—as he said in his speech:

> . . . who was more German than he, who so beautifully demonstrated to the Germans once again all those things that had made them a scourge and terror to the world and by which they themselves have been ruined: romantic passion, the urge to let the ego forever expand into the limitless without setting it a fixed object, the will that is free because it has no aim and strays into the infinite?

Adrian Leverkuehn has a friend and biographer: the urbane and humane high-school teacher and classical philologist Serenus Zeitblom. It is Thomas Mann himself who hides behind the faithful, modest, unassuming professor. The mentor of Dr. Faustus is the *mentor Germaniae*. Thus, the author is able to contrast his demon-ridden hero with a de-demonized counterpart, the intellectual extremist with the civilized humanist. The image of Germany

(*Continued on page* 37)

Fiction. *The most satisfactory storyteller of our time is Somerset Maugham. Over seventy titles are listed under his name. There is good reason why in his seventy-fifth year he should be called "the old master," for he has mastered the novel, short stories, plays, autobiography, and criticism. He is a magician who can turn any theme, any period into wit, drama, and subtle enchantment. This week we are reviewing his latest novel, "Cataline," in which sixteenth-century Spain is stamped with his own image, certified as pure Maugham. Two other novels are recommended to the reader's attention, "Stalingrad," by Theodore Plievier, (see p. 15) and its opposite in scene and mood, Mark Aldanov's "The Third Symphony," (p. 27) about a French artist who painted Marie Antoinette and lived long enough to be decorated by Napoleon III.*

A Soul Seeking Heaven

CATALINA. By W. Somerset Maugham. New York: Doubleday & Co. 1948. 275 pp. $3.

Reviewed by THOMAS SUGRUE

THE story is always the same, yet somehow different. The old taleteller wanders into the market place, chooses the warmest pool of sunshine, and sits on the ground, crossing his legs and placing before him a bowl for the reception of coins. Customers gather quietly, squatting in a half-circle, and the taleteller speaks the first words of his magic. Out of the nothingness in the mind of each listener, a world is swiftly made, and in this world a soul wanders, anxiously seeking the heaven it dimly remembers as its home, the static state of being it calls happiness. For each tale the world is freshly made, the soul attired in a new personality, the enemies of its progress given a change of linen and name. When the first enemy appears, the taleteller pauses; he seems to drowse, forgetting his purpose. A coin clinks in the bowl; he blinks, recovers his memory, and goes on with the story.

—Etching by H. A. Freeth.

"Anyone can tell it; the only requirement is that he be W. Somerset Maugham."

The world this time is Spain at the close of the sixteenth century, with the king's armies at war in the Low Countries, the Holy Office examining heretics, and Carmelite nuns split by the reform of Teresa de Cepeda of Avila into the Discalced Order of Teresa and those remaining under the mitigated rule of Pope Eugenius IV. In the city of Castel Rodriguez on the morning of a holiday celebrating the homecoming of two illustrious natives, the soul appears on the steps of the Carmelite church. She is Catalina, a beautiful girl of sixteen who walks on crutches because her right leg is useless, having been crushed by a bull. (The listeners nod; lameness is a sign of divinity; the bull is Brahma, who limits or lames the soul to bring about its evolution.) She weeps because she cannot follow the townspeople to meet the illustrious natives, the sons of Juan Suarez de Valero: Friar Blasco, the Bishop of Segovia, and his brother Don Manuel, a captain in the king's armies. She weeps also because her infirmity has cost her the young man she loves, Diego, the tailor's son. As she sobs, a strange and beautiful woman appears behind her on the steps (the listeners lean forward; this is the goddess, Maya-Shakti, the World Soul). The woman tells Catalina that "the son of Juan Suarez de Valero who has best served God has it in his power to heal you." Then she disappears.

Now the story is under way. Catalina tells her mother that the Blessed Virgin appeared to her and promised that Friar Blasco, the bishop, would heal her. Her uncle Domingo questions her closely; Domingo is a worldly

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man, a former actor, an unsuccessful playwright, an admirer of Lope de Vega; but he has taken minor orders and has known the bishop as a seminary student. Did the Blessed Virgin name Friar Blasco specifically? No, Catalina admitted, but everyone knows the bishop is a saint—he has been Inquisitor at Valencia and has burned or garroted or broken on the rack or whipped to death or imprisoned for life thousands of heretics. He is just and merciful; he allowed an old Greek who had been his tutor to be strangled instead of burned, to save pain. He saved numberless souls from hell by extorting conversions under the lash and the thumb-screw. He lives rigorously, forcing the Dominican friars who serve him to whip him in his cell. Obviously the Blessed Virgin meant Friar Blasco. His brother Don Manuel is only a soldier; his other brother, Martin, is a disgrace to the family—a man of no distinction, a baker, a smiling, friendly, charitable nobody (the listeners smile; Friar Blasco is the mind, Don Manuel is the body, Martin the baker is the spirit).

Catalina's story is held in strictest secrecy; therefore, the whole city knows of it in a day. Doña Beatriz, daughter of the Duke of Castel Rodriguez, who governs the local Carmelite convent under a mitigated rule, hears of it. Only Doña Beatriz knows that she became a religious when Friar Blasco became a monk, having secretly and hopelessly loved him. Why not, she muses, induce the love of her youth to perform a miracle in her chapel, to the shame of her enemy, Teresa of Avila? It will then be a simple matter to take Catalina into the convent, convert her to the religious life, and eventually make of her a saint. In that way the mitigated rule will have been proved preferable in the eyes of God to Teresa's reform.

So pride tempts intellect. The bishop succumbs to Doña Beatriz, and before all of the people of Castel Rodriguez he attempts to heal Catalina. He places his hand on her head and says, "In the name of God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, I command thee, Catalina Perez, to rise to thy feet, cast away thy useless crutch, and walk."

Here the taleteller is suddenly attracted by a casual event in the street. He stares past his listeners, forgetting them, until the clink of coins in the bowl reminds him of his task. He resumes, and the listeners relax. The testing of the mind proceeds, and after that the testing of the body, and then there is the question of whether the spirit is worthy to be tested. There is the apparent victory of pride and the sudden remembrance in the heart of Lucifer of the love that has been lost. The taleteller brings forth his symbols one by one, each properly costumed, each artfully disguised to reveal its identity without subtracting from the personality it possesses.

It is a complete yet an economical story. No thread of plot is left unwound, and each is used again and again, in stitch and loop, to make the pattern and keep it secure. The listeners expect this; they know from the beginning that there is meaning in Uncle Domingo's sins and indiscretions, in the affection he showers on Catalina, in the thwarted love of Doña Beatriz for Friar Blasco, in the garroting of the old Greek, in the fact that Martin bakes bread for the city and Don Manuel mistakes him for a pastry cook, in the absence of Catalina's father, and in the brief appearance of Catalina as Mary Magdalen. All these must of necessity move toward the illumination and final redemption of the mind. The listeners expect it and, along with it, certain decorations and pleasant bits of embroidery, such as the curious old knight Catalina meets on the road and the casual mention of another Greek, a painter whose work Doña Beatriz dislikes.

When the story is finished, the listeners wander away, talking among themselves, telling each other that "Catalina" was the best of all, that its wit was superb, its cunning unmatched, its characters superbly realized, its rhythms delicate, its plot a masterpiece of improvising on the Theme. The apprentice storytellers gather in groups to discuss the satire, the atmosphere, the symbolism, the motivation, and to shake their heads over the consummate mastery of the old storyteller, whom they call Maugham.

The old fellow, dozing in the sun, smiles in his sleep, knowing that any time he wakens and finds the bowl empty he can yawn, stretch his legs, and do it all over again. "Catalina"? Just a tale he happened to think up about the Inquisition in Spain, an appearance of the Blessed Virgin, a monk who wanted to help God, and a woman who hated Teresa of Avila. Anyone could tell it; the only requirement is that he be W. Somerset Maugham.

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

WIND AND WEATHER

Eleanor Shannon, of Lexington, Va., submits twenty quotations on wind and weather. How many of them can you identify? Allowing five points for each correct answer, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers are on page 26.

1. The wind's wet wings and fingers drip with rain.
2. All night long in the dark and wet
   A man goes riding by.
3. A chill no coat, however stout,
   Of homespun stuff could quite shut out.
4. The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast.
5. How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
   In the icy air of night!
6. And the moon her red beacon has veiled with a cloud.
7. Dim with a dull imprisoned ray,
   A sunbeam that had lost its way.
8. And the racing winds that wheel and flee
   On the flying heels of June.
9. . . . . ah, bitter cold it was!
   The owl for all his feathers was a-cold.
10. Scattered like dust and leaves, when the mighty blasts
    Of October seize them.
11. Cauld blew the bitter-biting north
    Upon thy early humble birth.
12. May is a full light wind of lilac
    From Canada to Narragansett Bay.
13. I sift the snow on the mountains below
    And their great pines groan aghast.
14. Dirty British coaster with a salt-caked smoke-stack,
    Butting through the Channel in the mad March days.
15. Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May.
16. How the cold creeps as the fire dies at length,—
    How drifts are piled.
17. Amid yon tuft of hazel trees
    That twinkle in the gusty breeze.
18. Rift the hills, and roll the waters, flash the lightnings, weigh the sun.
19. The wind is in the palm-trees, an' the temple bells they say:
20. All the air a solemn stillness holds.

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Nova Scotia Spume

STORM AT SABLE ISLAND. By Edmund Gilligan. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1948. 368 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by JOHN WILLIAM ROGERS

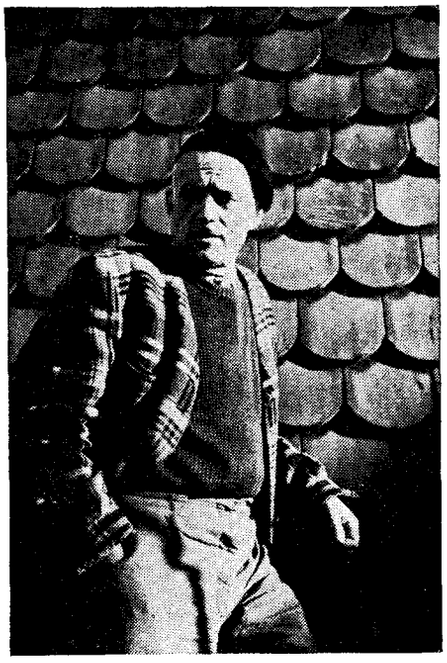
HERE is a story full of dashing waves, spume, menacing icebergs, and the cruel toll of the sea. It takes place just north of Gloucester, Mass., and in the waters south of Nova Scotia, where for generations sturdy Yankees, in spite of storm and shipwreck, have sailed out to fish for cod. Particularly is it laid on the treacherous beaches of Sable Island, long famed for its cruel destruction of vessels. It is a story laid in modern times as late as the introduction of wireless on ships, but its flavor is that of a hundred years earlier.

If there are many true facts about sailors and ships and much sea lore of the region woven into its pages, probably very few sailors will ever get very far in reading it, for the author, in a notably curious fashion, has mixed realism of the sea with a style that constantly falls away into purple patches and a mystic atmosphere that gives his characters something of the quality of figures moving in a dream. Indeed, often his characters seem hardly more clearly motivated than people in a dream.

The style—especially in the earlier pages, and for no particular reason that this reviewer could fathom—seems born of the cadence of Irish speech. At his happiest, Gilligan can have a sharply vivid turn of phrase. Witness these examples from a couple of random pages: "He laughed in the shape of his hope, and said gaily to take her into laughter with him . . ." "He loved her as if she had been twice his mother . . ." ". . . if ever the face of man had been new curved and shaped by sorrow and grief beyond grief . . ."

But far too often this desire to be stylistically impressive results in an effect that is merely tortuous. It shatters completely the simplicity that is the base on which this story stands, and it utterly impedes the clear sense of what the author is trying to tell the reader. Listen to this, when a sailor is drowning:

> And at the last: "Oh, my mother!" and off he goes and down he goes, a sweet heart smothered by the vagrant, curdling sea. One more! One more to whirl in manly beauty a dead while in yonder clockwise tide, the melody of the turning bergs his requiem, and only the tramp seals to wonder over him until the salt feeds on him, takes all of him, and to the blazing sun and the everlasting streams at last returns him.



"It would be one thing if Theodor Plievier's book had preceded 'All Quiet'—it is another to come after it."

And the conversation of these sea folk, while it has moments of crude realism, is speech such as I am sure was never heard anywhere on land or sea.

As for the plot, to Folly Cove comes a man with a darling baby girl and a tale of the tragic death of his wife on Sable Island. The child grows up the playmate of two stalwart little boys who are bosom companions and who follow their fathers before them to the sea. They themselves have wild adventures off Sable Island. Finally, there is a love triangle between the three, and always there is the sea in the background, bitter and unrelenting, taking its full toll of men and ships.

Had Edmund Gilligan attempted to tell his long and episodic story with less manner and more directness, with less attention to an overtone of some vague exalted mystery and provided simple motivation for his characters; had he foregone the temptation constantly to mix fine writing with a lively sea story, one reader would have found "Storm at Sable Island" far more readable. As it was, this reviewer, with the most amiable will in the world, could not help putting down the book with the outraged feeling that the author had never faced the problem of what form in which to cast his story. The result is a hodgepodge—moments of real beauty, scenes of real power, and great stretches of involved verbiage, lush writing, and pretentious presentation that I fear hides an absence of content. And that makes for very difficult reading indeed.

Plievier's Inferno

STALINGRAD. By Theodor Plievier. New York: Appleton-Century-Crofts Inc. 1948. 357 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by EDMUND FULLER

PLIEVIER'S INFERNO — as this book could be called—has a massive weight and power. It has its place on the shelf of modern anti-war literature. If, as is claimed, it has sold over a million copies in Central Europe (wherever that is) it is a remarkable and gratifying thing—especially for Germany. This is a type of reading matter unavailable in that nation for a long time.

The action of the book covers only the final weeks of the German collapse at Stalingrad, where "the German people had fallen to the lowest point, politically and morally, in their history." As the novel opens, the situation already is desperate and a smashing Russian offensive begins which, once for all, isolates the Stalingrad armies from any hope of relief. The ruthless German military pile driver that had swept everything before it to the Volga had far overreached the capacity to sustain and supply itself. Now it was an army virtually without food, without ammunition and equipment, without fuel, and without medicine.

Plievier gives as harrowing an account of the horrors of war as I have ever read. Nothing is spared. Detail is heaped upon ghastly detail with a kind of stolid objectivity until the cumulative picture is one of madness and chaos. It is a single, sustained note, unrelieved and undeviating.

Fundamentally this is a mass novel, peopled in a large part by the nameless, sweeping its camera eye over the army from private to field marshal. But those individuals who do recur through the many scenes are illuminatingly characterized. Plievier is not without a gift for people, impersonal as the book is.

The two before us most frequently are Sergeant Gnotke, first encountered in a penal battalion, and Colonel Vilshofen, a tank commander later promoted to general. These are the two, of all in the book, whose experience and observation most clearly become translated into comprehension of the crime they have enacted and of the penance that is required.

Gnotke is inarticulate. His perception takes the form of quiet, unrationalized acts of kindness unobtrusively, perhaps even unconsciously, performed toward his fellows. Vilshofen, one-time student of philosophy, brilliant adventurer, veteran of two

(*Continued on page* 27)

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Lincolniana. *At the stroke of midnight, on July 26, 1947, a large and impatient group of eminent scholars and leading newspapermen watched while officials of the Library of Congress opened up a collection of 18,500 Lincoln papers which had been kept sealed for eighty-two years, in accordance with the terms of Lincoln's son's will. Nothing of earth-shaking importance was discovered among the papers. Some of the best of them, edited by David C. Mearns of the Library of Congress, will be found in the volumes reviewed below. But it is significant that newspapers all over the country published the story of the opening, and public interest was high. For Lincoln has become a true national hero, and an incredible amount has been written about all aspects of his life.*

Historical Cache Revealed

THE LINCOLN PAPERS: The Story of the Collection, with Selections to July 4, 1861. Edited by David C. Mearns. New York: Doubleday & Co. 1948. Two vols. 704 pp. $10.

Reviewed by GEORGE FORT MILTON

THIS admirable addition to our Lincolniana tells the weird history of the papers Robert Todd Lincoln gave the Library of Congress and presents several hundred selections Mr. Mearns swiftly but skilfully made from them upon their emancipation. Almost twice the size expected, the collection consists of over 18,000 individual documents, and the names of 38,000 correspondents are in its index. The Lincoln story is likely to ramify far beyond the limits formerly believed to exist.

With superb skill, Mr. Mearns offers the reader two fountains of interest. He composes a mosaic of the intriguing tergiversations of the eight big boxes of Lincoln papers that, from 1865 to 1919, crisscrossed America with their owner and since have reposed in the Library. Mr. Mearns has chosen an interesting group of items from the manuscript volumes prior to July 4, 1861. He doesn't claim his choices comprise the most "important" specimens but believes they exhibit the collection's type and range and are more lively, moving, and generally interesting than the rest. We found only a handful that didn't seem to belong.

Coming to Lincoln the son soon after the assassination, the papers were his private property, to be treated as he pleased. In body and spirit more Todd than Lincoln, extremely sensitive and incurably shy, Robert Lincoln's reserve was immense. Mr. Mearns draws a Freudian portrait of a man he terms "distinguished, troubled, peculiar, and often smug," and makes educated guesses on his motivations. One was an almost pathological fear that publication of items in his father's papers would upset living descendants of persons blackened therein.

Biographers begged to examine them; except for his father's secretaries he refused, terming all requests "premature." Albert J. Beveridge mobilized every imaginable influence to get at them, but never crashed the gate. It opened to Nicolay and Hay not so much as reward for their service to Lincoln the father but because they agreed in advance to let Lincoln the son shape and censor their biography, "Abraham Lincoln: A History." Thus Hay wrote Lincoln, January 6, 1886, that he had struck out everything the latter had criticized. "I don't think there is a word left in it that would displease you." Some historical critics have characterized these ten volumes as suffused with the hates of Radical Reconstruction, and blamed the dark glasses of Nicolay and Hay for the fact. But the truth now outs; Robert Todd Lincoln poured the vitrol into their ink.

—*From* Leslie's Magazine, *1861.*

Abe: "It's well enough to say that I must support the dignity of my high office by force—but it's darned uncomfortable sitting—I can tell yer."

Mr. Mearns also lays the ghost that Nicholas Murray Butler persuaded Mr. Lincoln not to destroy his father's papers. In fact, the eight boxes had been deposited in the Library of Congress three years before his determination to burn them! Since the turn of the century, the Library of Congress had sought their deposit; in 1919 the owner yielded them, specifying that the fact of their presence was not to be disclosed and that the papers were to be consulted only with his written permission. In 1923 he gave the collection to the Library, stipulating that it be placed in a sealed vault and preserved from public inspection or private view until twenty-one years from the date of his death. Lincoln the son died July 26, 1926, and his father's papers were opened one minute after midnight on the twenty-first anniversary of the day.

The greatest common denominator of Part II is the pertinence of the items to Lincoln and to the coming of the war. Many are interesting because of their human qualities; others mirror great issues and events; still others attest the growth of this pettifogger who has become the great American saint. Mr. Mearns opens his volume with Lincoln's 1860 autobiography, followed by James Quay Howard's 1860 interviews with oldtimers around New Salem. His next selections discuss politics in February 1849, with General Taylor's inauguration close at hand and Whig mouths watering for the fruit of the plum tree. Lincoln's mail those months was heavy with appeals from his wife's relatives and from his own, all wanting his help in getting on Uncle Sam's payroll.

Among the most interesting items, from my standpoint at least, were the letters of Captain George W. Hazzard, USA, a stout-speaking Northerner who wrote Lincoln October 21, and December 24, 1860, warning him that most Regular Army officers were strong for secession, naming several he thought not worth hell-room. The President-elect liked Hazzard's forthrightness, had him join the group, going with him to the inaugural ceremonies, and on the Captain's recommendation then added Major David Hunter and Colonel E. V. Sumner to the escort party.

Lincoln's intimates and advisers had been in a dither planning the trip from Springfield to Washington. Senator William H. Seward wrote his chief-to-be December 28, 1860, urging that the journey east be planned with security in mind. Inasmuch as the public had become accustomed to a President-elect entering Washington

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in mid-February, the New Yorker wanted him to "be *prepared* to drop into the City a week or ten days earlier." Captain Hazzard became almost jittery about the danger of Lincoln going openly in daylight through Baltimore en route to the inauguration, warned his great and good friend February 1, 1861, that if he went openly through the secession-sympathizing city it would require an army of 50,000 to assure a "perfectly safe passage." The anxious officer pleaded that instead the Lincoln party leave Philadelphia at night "privately and unannounced," and ride the sleeping car all the way from that city to Washington: "A false mustache, an old slouched hat, and a long cloak or overcoat for concealment could be provided, by a friend. . . ." So when Allan Pinkerton flushed the fact or fiction of a Batimore assassination plot, Mr. Lincoln had no hesitancy in dropping the plan for a day trip, took the Philadelphia sleeper, and, as Captain Hazzard had predicted, was carried safely through Baltimore to Washington. Thanks quite as much perhaps to the stalwart soldier as to the histrionic sleuth, the journey was uneventful and uncommented.

This is but one of scores of new lights the Mearns selections throw on interesting and important episodes in the Lincoln story to July 4, 1861. The text of the President's noble message to the extraordinary session of Congress that assembled that Fourth of July is a fit finis for this most rewarding volume about Lincoln, his papers, and his America.

Song

By May Sarton

IT is still you who
Nourish the root of sorrow
Are green in the bough
Of my secret joy:
I lie in the shadow
Lovely and intricate
Of your many leaves
Where the gloom weaves
Wind through the sunlight
Within a tree of light,
Splendor of green and fire
That shelters poetry
In the hour of desire
But in the wintry hour
Covers the fire with snow
Under an icy bough.

Surely will come the hour
Beyond all presence
Far beyond time or sense,
Green at the heart of fire,
Fire at the heart of snow,
Rose at the heart of pain,
When I'll find you again,
Strange subtle power.

Americana. *U. P. Hedrick's "The Land of the Crooked Tree," reviewed below, is paralleled by a host of recently-published personal chronicles of America's past. In "Lesser Crossroads," for instance, Rutgers Press has revived a fine New Jersey family history. "Old Man Crow's Boy," by John Baumann (Morrow) re-creates early Idaho. "Dee" Harkey's "Mean as Hell," from the University of New Mexico Press, and Sister Segale's "At the End of the Santa Fe Trail" (Bruce) give first-hand accounts of the taming of the old Southwest. Then there is J. K. Rollinson's "Wyoming Cattle Trails" (Caxton Printers). . . . David McCord's "About Boston" (reviewed here) recalls Cleveland Amory's "The Proper Bostonians" in Dutton's Society in America Series. At least ten other regional series, incidentally, headed by Rinehart's venerable Rivers of America books, add yearly to our knowledge of America's local color and varied history.*

On the Last Forest Frontier

THE LAND OF THE CROOKED TREE. By U. P. Hedrick. New York: Oxford University Press. 1948. 1948. 350 *pp.* $4.

Reviewed by HERVEY ALLEN

THIS book falls fresh-minted from the Oxford Press with all the air, the authority, and a bright nostalgic imaginative charm about it, that seem to nominate it automatically as a candidate for the position of one of those quiet nature classics of the American scene whose election is a forgone conclusion. It is the story of a boyhood of one of our great but benign scientists, a recall of life in the 1870's on one of the last forest frontiers, the Land of the Crooked Tree, at the northern tip of the lower Michigan peninsula. The book is packed with keen and living observation, it records facts with an insight into both their scientific and social meaning, and evaluates them with a fine sense of their historical importance. The book does all that, but it does much more. It re-creates with an authentic gusto and yet with a poignant delicacy of feeling what it was like, indeed what it was, to be a boy at that particular time and place on the vanished American frontier.

"Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,"—yet Mr. Hedrick is not romantic in any weak sense of the word. In looking backward through the telescope of time to his boyhood, not so long ago, he has simply but ably taken advantage of the fact, which so many other good writers have made abundantly clear, that to recollect life through the morning eyes of childhood is an all but magic way to recapture the faculty of recording it directly in terms of its own meaning, and to see it with a wholeness, a vividness, and even an ecstasy and,—I for one think —often with an insight into healthy psychic truth, which is hardly to be found later in the recording of events and impressions of the world without after the the shades of the prison house begin to fall. Then, there is also the now trite but still valid remark of the poet on the long, long thoughts of a boy. The young Hedrick seems to have been a youth who had them, although such thoughts are never cast into the teeth of the reader for him to chew on. On the contrary, they are inherent only in the hidden perspective of the book, while the author, as it were, looks back along the aisles of his philosophy, filled with the wisdom and experience of his later years, to achieve a curious unity and total blending of the usually quite different effects of the avid vividness of boyhood and the calm and, in this case, scientific knowledge of venerable age.

Indeed, it is in this peculiarly combined quality of youthful vigor and robust ripeness, both in content and style, that this book is outstanding.

Ulysses Prentiss Hedrick was born in Independence, Iowa, in 1870. The Odyssey in this case covers, I infer, not quite all of the first two decades of Ulysses. It begins in the year 1874, when the reader is permitted to peep through a porthole of the S.S. *Menominne* with the four-year-old child

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who is migrating from his former treeless home in Iowa to the place chosen by his father for the family's new home, the northern shores of lower Michigan:

> From the tiny window through which I looked, across a mile of billowing whitecaps, a forest floated before my eyes. It was without length or breadth, light and dark green, dropping down a long, high, rolling slope from lazy clouds to snowlike drifts of sand where land and water met. I had never before seen trees or hills.

Thus it is, directly through the eyes of the child, and later on through the ever widening and more discerning eyes of a boy and youth, constantly informed as I have said before by the vision of the mature man, that the reader is permitted gradually to grow up and at length to apprehend with a completeness and a minutiae of understanding the life on the frontier of the Land of the Crooked Tree about the small but growing settlement of Little Traverse, Michigan. Incidentally, that "traverse" is a cross section of American frontier life more fully, accurately, and, I take it, more valuably recorded here than in most other records of the frontier that I can recall. Here is the very shape and the detail of things as they were seen and accepted in the atmosphere of contemporary life.

The recapitulation of a few of Mr. Hedrick's chapter headings will give something of the method and movement of the story. There is The Migration, Our New Home, Our Neighbors, An Arctic Winter, Passenger Pigeons, Our Farm, Animals, When the Railroad Came, Father's Garden, Farm Crops . . . Forest Products, Preachers and Churches, An Ancient Capital . . . and, Farewell to the Land of the Crooked Tree. But merely to name names here is to fail completely to convey any sense of the richness and variety of landscape, people, animals, and the forest, and the deft sense of life that lies behind these titles; of the genuine flow of time and growth of character recorded. The chapter on the vanished passenger pigeon, for instance, is an eye-witness account of what will never be seen on earth again. And in this case it is the best and fullest account of this significant scene which I know of any place in our recorded annals.

There are other unique and valuable passages; for example, the description of maple sugaring and the memorable chapter which describes the visit of three youths on a grave-robbing expedition to the ancient capital of the Ottawas. This, taken in connection with the delineation of the different attitudes of Protestants and Catholics toward the Indian, provides a deep insight into how lengthy and how traditional, how deeply rooted, are the white man's mores and prejudices in dealing with other races. Here, quite simply but very movingly, Mr. Hedrick says a great deal. Yet this is not a book of highlights only. The author evokes his characters in the round and catches not only their individual but their racial characteristics with a wise sympathy.

In the field of nature writing, into which this book to a certain extent falls, and yet from which it escapes in its larger aspects, Mr. Hedrick has achieved a realm of his own. This does not prevent the reader from being reminded of certain passages in Thoreau, of John Burroughs, of the late Dallas Lore Sharp, and of more recent books in the same category such as David Fairchild's "The World Was My Garden." Space forbids to prove it by quotation, but in such high company Ulysses Hedrick comes off extremely well. The unique quality of this piece of his writing is that it has a precise historical focus as well as a roving naturalist's eye, and abounds in an understanding of human character that is sometimes lacking when the enthusiasm of the author finds too exclusive a magnetism in plants. Mr. Hedrick has undoubtedly achieved in his book a fine balance between humanism and science. Would that more of our scientists could write likewise.

The Hub, Hubba Hubba

—From "About Boston."

ABOUT BOSTON: Sight, Sound, Flavor, and Inflection. By David McCord. New York: Doubleday & Co. 1948. 192 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by CLEVELAND AMORY

"I SOMETIMES think," writes author David McCord on one of his last pages, "that a personal collection of books about the city in which one lives, or the city which one remembers and loves, is something toward which every intelligent citizen might aim. It gives latitude and longitude to one's library."

In attempting to follow such advice on a sizeable scale Bostonians are under some difficulty, since there have probably been more books written about their city, in proportion to its population, than about any other. For those Bostonians who like the idea, however, there would be worse ways to start such a collection than with Mr. McCord's own book.

At first browse it is nothing unusual. Mr. McCord is an essayist and versifier and his book grew, humbly enough, out of a series of radio broadcasts. He is by no means the first Bostonian—he rates as an adopted one since he was born in New York and spent his boyhood in Oregon—to have a literary love affair with the city of his choice. He is not the first to lament that the name of the architect of the Old State House has been lost or the first to take the reader by the hand and walk him, paragraph by paragraph, around the Hub. A little of this taking by the hand has always gone a long way, of course, and while the book is brief enough, there are nonetheless moments —as in the author's closing paragraph on Boston's noted hostess Mrs. James T. Fields, when he becomes so enthusiastic that he forsakes English altogether and bursts into a few bars of Latin—when the reader becomes a little cross and wants to take his hand away.

What makes the book unusual, however, is the fact that Mr. McCord is a vignettist of great skill. He makes everything about Boston seem charming whether it is or not—its climate, its cooking, its buildings, its streets, its libraries, its museums, and even its rocks. It is difficult to make rocks charming, but Mr. McCord does so by a rambling, altogether winning style which, to carry the image further, doesn't poke under the rocks for the worms but around them for the flowers. On more interesting subjects, such as his discussion of Boston's two latter-day critics, Philip Hale of the *Herald* and H. T. Parker of the *Transcript*, Mr. McCord can do even more, and an example of this little book at its best is the story of H.T.P.'s early-day office behavior. "There were never any cheery 'good morning's," writes the author. "If he said anything at all it belonged back in the middle of yesterday's conversation."

There is, however, one thing very wrong with this latest addition to the Boston Wing. Though it is a book which, among other things, is probably the most readable guide book of the city yet written, it has no index. If by this omission Mr. McCord attempted to prove he was not writing a guide book, he made a mistake. He may have proved his point, but he did so at the expense of the permanent value of his book.

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The World. *The temper of present-day Britain is sharply underlined by the titles of two recent books from England, Barbara Ward's "The West at Bay," and "You Can't Turn the Clock Back," by R. W. G. Mackay (reviewed below). In her book Miss Ward writes, "—if we of the Western World can do nothing but look backwards, then we are for the dark." The old balance of power has irrevocably fallen; Russia and the United States face each other across a disunited Europe; the only hope lies in a Western Union, which both authors champion. . . . But Western Union is related to the outcome of the German problem. Joel Sayre's "The House Without a Roof," reviewed here, tells the story of the Hofmann family of Berlin during the war. The solution of the European problem will settle the fate of the Hofmanns in the future.*

7 or 8 Continental Federations

YOU CAN'T TURN THE CLOCK BACK. By R. W. G. Mackay. Chicago: Ziff-Davis Publishing Co. 1948. 354 pp. $3.50.

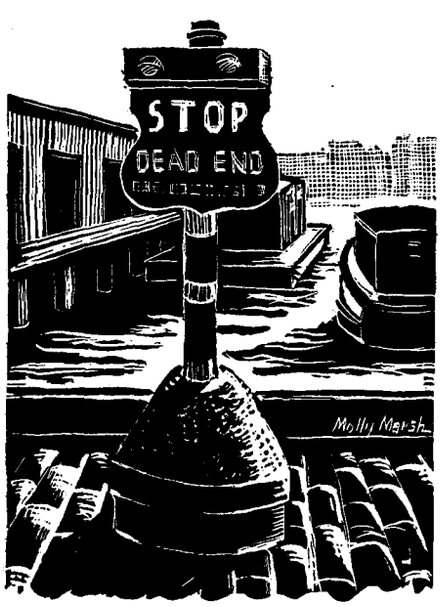
Reviewed by MARK S. WATSON

NOT the United Nations's strengthening but its replacement by regional groups of nations—first of all by a Western European federation inclusive of Britain—is the step toward peace which is urged by R. W. G. Mackay, late of Australia and now a Labor M.P. in Britain. Mr. Mackay is also an economist and, like all economists and most Labor members, is unshakable in the certainty of his present rightness, despite time's way of upsetting some of the surest theses of economists and of British Labor.

Advocacy of a strong Western Europe, to be sure, will be echoed heartily by many who have no idea of sharing the numerous other views which Mr. Mackay presents, always with indomitable confidence, in "You Can't Turn the Clock Back." A great many solid supporters of Western Europe, along with Economic Cooperation, think of it as the child of the Marshall Plan and for some time to come dependent upon it. Mr. Mackay recognizes it as a worthy end in itself and a necessity, in view of the vast strength of America on one side and Russia on the other. He has a stout belief in Western Europe's ultimate powers, despite the present crippled state of its members, holding that this artificial grouping "within a few years would probably be as prosperous and as stable as either of the other two great powers."

If that were the general prognosis for Western Europe, hearts in the State Department would be lighter—until a closer examination of Mr. Mackay's text makes that a dubious comparison. He has a dark view of America's future. If America escapes conflict with Russia (thanks to Western Europe's balancing powers), he warns that we still will need to solve our internal problems of political democracy, representative and responsible government, and social justice, even though "these will entail a class conflict which may even lead to another civil war." Economics, ever the Gloomy Science, seems at its most despondent in Mr. Mackay's hands. The 1948 searcher after gay reading might as well read a Democrat's estimate of the results of a Republican victory.

The author is impressive in his economic analysis of the past, which leads him to the inescapable conclusion that you can't turn the clock back to the good old days. He demonstrates that, like most epochs, the good old days ended long before we knew it; that is, that Britain's nineteenth-century system was dependent on a world economy which, undetected, began to vanish as early as 1870 with the start of German development, followed by America's; even then, the open British market, to which world economy was attuned, was beginning to totter. The two great wars were not the cause but the occasion of the system's breakdown, augmenting a situation already deteriorated. From them Britain, whose dominance for so long had provided a world balance, at last emerged as "a small European state dependent for its existence on the good will of the United States and the USSR."



Nor is the end of this course reached, continues this dark economic prophet, unless the Commonwealth itself is scrapped, for the interests of Britain now lie with Europe and the interests of the other Empire components with their own areas. As Britain must join Western Europe, so Australia and New Zealand must join a Pacific federation, Canada the North American group, and so on. Indeed, while the present weakened Empire stands, he concludes, there will be a struggle within it which "must inevitably promote conflict in other parts of the world"; there cannot be both a British Empire and a successful Western Europe. This is a long haul from Churchill.

It should be remembered that Mr. Mackay is a hearty Laborite who wishes more nationalization of British industry, not less. He proves the need for its grand-scale reorganizing — if that needs proof—but the sceptical will doubt that reorganization and nationalization are interchangeable terms. He not only sees no alternative to the Labor Government at this time (where he is on solid ground) but declares impetuously that he would wish no alternative. He is convinced that the present government is the best Britain ever had, while asserting sternly that its international policy has been a "disaster." He seems to say, further, that in its major concern, the treatment of economic problems to date, the Labor Government's short-term remedies have been ineffective, while its bright promises of long-term remedies present no indication of being fulfilled. This is party devotion indeed.

His economic theses are more readily acceptable than his political guesses. Three years' experience support all too well his view that it is a hard job to get the world's sixty-six states together into one UN federation, but does it give much more support to his other view, that it will be easy to create eight or seven continental federations? Those he proposes are Soviet Russia, Western Europe, America (presumably North America), South America, Pacific, In-

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dia, China. But India, instead of already being one peaceful nucleus, has lately become two angry units. China is two and may become half a dozen. South America is so far from being one big happy family that its relations with the UN are perhaps better than within itself. And if Mr. Mackay can prove that Western Europe is close to unification and stability and prosperity, he ought to tell Mr. Bevin about it.

Three Good Germans in a Nightmare

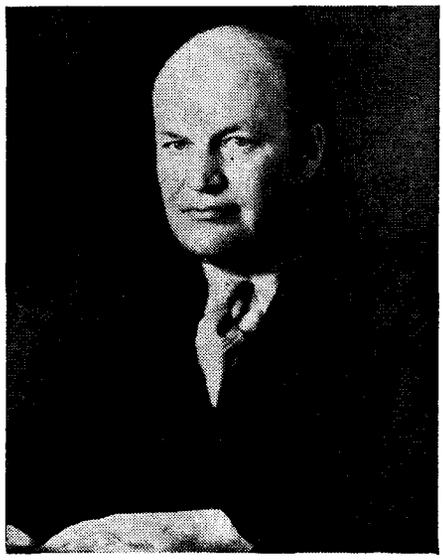
THE HOUSE WITHOUT A ROOF. By Joel Sayre. New York: Farrar, Straus. 1948. 214 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by JOHN WOODBURN

DURING the recent hot war there was current in America an understandable belief that all the good Germans had either died suddenly by request or been tragically immobilized in such breathing cemeteries as Buchenwald, Belsen, and Dachau. And right here I would like to mention one of the many, many things I hold against the last decade, and which has to do with the word *camp.* When I was a small boy, and for a long time after, the word had for me the most pleasant and exhilarating associations. It meant dark pines and a blue lake, a brand-new day waiting for you each morning outside the tent, and firelight on the faces of little Daniel Boones, crouched in tingling atavism around a campfire, singing at the top of their changing voices. Well, the last ten years fixed that for me. I realized it the other day when I did a bitter doubletake as I heard a chattering woman say: "So they shipped the children away to a camp." It was only a split-second, but a bad one, and it made me angry and frightened for all the people in the world to know that, even for that tiny grain of time, I had thought *Dachau* and not *Kill-Kare* or *Minnewaska.*

We know now that there were good Germans who were not shipped away to camps, and who survived, in disintegrating cities like Berlin and Frankfurt, and in the countryside, the sadistic scrutiny of the Nazis. Not even the sickening efficiency of Himmler's men was able to accomplish the obliteration of all the honest and honorable people of the Reich. This was, of course, also true of Japan and Italy, and it is also true of Russia, but it is the sort of information which must be withheld in wartime, for if there is one thing not conducive to successful war-waging, it is identification with the enemy, military or civilian. After all, one cannot ask people to drop bombs upon themselves.

Joel Sayre's "The House Without a Roof," which, in somewhat different form, has been running in *The New Yorker* and has now stopped running and become a book, is about a family



Joel Sayre gives "a fresh impact along with the terror of truth."

of good Germans who managed, at great cost, to keep that goodness from becoming too conspicuous. It is a true story, told by the people themselves to Mr. Sayre, who came upon them quite accidentally in Berlin in the summer of 1945, when he was there as a correspondent. It is moving and factual, very brave and sad, although lighted at times with an indestructible, angry humor—three people remembering a nightmare, and aware all the time of the worst thing of all: that it was not a nightmare, but something which had incredibly happened.

The Hofmanns lived in Berlin, in the Grunewald, in a house whose roof had been removed by a bomb, leaving the attic floor staring at the sky. Hedi Hofmann, who tells most of the story, had to wait for the end of the Third Reich to marry Fritz Hofmann. That was because Fritz was an Aryan according to the Nazi stud-book and Hedi was a *Mischling,* which means *mongrel,* and in Hedi's case meant that her father had been Jewish and her mother a Gentile. There were a few times when it was ironically expedient to let this be known to certain people, but nearly all the time she lived in great fear of its discovery. Lilo, Hedi's adolescent daughter by a former marriage to a Gentile, was, despite the lessening racial fraction, also a *Mischling,* and this doubled Hedi's fear.

Many of the incidents which they recall are now common knowledge: the incessant bombings, the denunciations, the hunger, the mad Wagnerian opera which Hitler and Goering played out to the end, shouting hysterically with the dust of a dead city in their throats, but because it is told simply, almost flatly, in the rambling, recollecting manner of reminiscent conversation, it has a fresh impact along with the terror of its truth. Certain things stand out strongly in the memory long after one has finished reading the book: Lilo, aged fifteen, walking along with Joel Sayre across a bridge and recalling, in the most matter-of-fact way, that in the last days of the war the SS had hanged so many Army and *Volkssturm* deserters from its girders that one could scarcely see the lake from the bridge. And in the next breath prattling about "The Harvey Girls" and Yoody Garlahnt, and humming "The Atcheson, Topeka and the Santa Fe"; Fritz Hofmann, determined that he would never fight in a war he did not believe in, pretending to lose his mind and going to a madhouse rather than put on the uniform with the death's head on the cap; small Lilo watching, mercifully without understanding, the Jewish neighbors from across the street being placed in a truck by the SS men; the Catholic friends of the Hofmanns, going with outward grief to a requiem mass for their son, unable to rejoice that he was not dead because they had learned of his capture by the British from the forbidden broadcasts of the BBC; and the *Angst,* which for some reason I found the most haunting of all, and which I cannot forbear quoting:

> This *Angst* used to come to us at twilight. The moment you noticed that the sun was beginning to go, there was a tightening in your throat and around your heart. Everybody felt it at the same time; conversations would quickly die; gatherings would dissolve abruptly. You suddenly seemed to yourself very lonesome, and you stopped whatever you were doing and started for home. Of course, the bombings didn't come *every* night, but we took for granted that they *might* come any night; the Mosquitoes bombed us once for thirty-three nights running. In any case, twilight was when you thought about it, and when your apathy left you.

As Hedi and Lilo and Fritz talk throughout this little book the reader follows them down a black funnel of terror and strain and despair, and one wonders, or at least I did, whether now, in the Berlin of this October, the Hofmanns find themselves entering another new, and terrifyingly familiar, dark ordeal.

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—From "Portrait of GBS" by Feliks Topolski.

Three Riddles for Shaw

HAYDEN CHURCH

EDITOR'S NOTE: *In the course of an interview with George Bernard Shaw last summer, shortly before GBS's ninety-second birthday on July 26, Hayden Church, a British journalist, asked him to answer three universal riddles. Shaw wrote out his answers in longhand. Mr. Church's questions and GBS's replies follow:*

SURVIVAL AFTER DEATH

CHURCH: You have written in one of your prefaces: "We die to be born again and born better. To be remanufactured; and so again and yet again at each lift towards the goal of evolution, which can only be a being that cannot be improved upon." Do you also believe that we survive eternally as individuals?

SHAW: If you want to live forever; if you want to carry your memories of your blunders and infirmities and defects and meannesses, and mistakes and humiliations, and sins and illnesses with you to the last syllable of recorded time, you must be on better terms with yourself than I have ever succeeded in establishing between myself and Bernard Shaw.

Combine my advice with Dogberry's: Die like a gentleman and thank God you are getting rid of a knave. Anything that is worth keeping in you will be worked up into some better attempt at a man than you are.

All the people I know who look forward to an eternity of themselves stipulate that they shall be angels in the next world. As in that case they certainly will not recognize themselves, nor be recognized by any of their friends, they might just as well go the way of all flesh without murmuring, and believe in the life to come without insisting that it should retain their names and addresses.

Tennyson told them to rise on stepping stones of their dead selves to higher things; and I tell them the same. But no, they want their dead selves to be kept as my grandmother used to keep old wax candle-ends. I have no patience with such conceit.

PRAYER

CHURCH: You have pointed out that the Church of England, in 1562, solemnly proclaimed the Creator to be "without body, parts, or passion." Not as a being, in fact, but, as you have phrased it, an *élan vital*, or Life Force.

Is this Life Force, according to your belief, sentient, or does it operate automatically? In the latter case, is prayer a waste of time?

SHAW: The Life Force becomes sentient by creating organs of sense; your eyes and ears and nose and fingers, for instance. All living things are its organs.

No, prayer is not a waste of time except when it is mere begging. Even then it may be a comfort. If you pray that the horse you have backed may win, you will not increase his chances of winning, and to that extent you are wasting your time; but if it makes you more hopeful until the race is over, it may be worth your while.

The praying by which a saint "makes his soul" was said by Mahomet to be a greater delight than perfume or women. Nobody who understands the prophet will ever say that this kind of praying is a waste of time.

CREATION

CHURCH: When a young man, you put to a priest who attempted to convert you to Roman Catholicism this poser: "Granting that the Universe was made by somebody, somebody must have made him." Have you formed a theory as to the beginning of everything, including the Life Force?

SHAW: Whoever does not know enough about the limitations of his own mind not to waste time asking unanswerable conundrums is a fool. This particular conundrum belongs to a childish state of speculation. How do we know that creation was a business of "making"?

The Jews who denied that Christ was God did so on the ground that he was a carpenter. We are not bound to regard creation as the work of a carpenter, who must have been made by another carpenter. It only leads to an infinity of carpenters; that is to manifest bosh.

Napoleon's "Who made all that?" was baby talk. The problem is beyond our mental powers.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Of Shaw's demeanor during their talk, Mr. Church reports:*

I found him in good form. He said that he is losing his sight, his hearing, and his sense of taste. He also complained of loss of memory, but I had no feeling of strain in talking to him.

Physically he has shrunk a little, mentally he is alert, as his answers demonstrate.

He now lives entirely at his home in the little Hertfordshire village of Ayot St. Lawrence (population 114); a village so primitive that it has no shops and no school, no railway station, and is on no bus route.

He told me he spends the morning in his "highfalutin'" literary work, rests in the afternoon, and writes his letters between tea and dinner.

His new play is finished but not definitely titled. In his words it is a comedy of "no manners." Its first production will take place at the next Malvern Festival, whenever that is.

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The Saturday Review of Literature

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Plots & Conspiracies

ONE of the characters in an early novel by M. P. Shiel, most romantic of British writers, believed that the universe was being furiously contended for by two powers —White and Black. White was the stronger; but conditions on this planet had been adverse since the Middle Ages in Europe, so that Black was winning and would carry it off for its prize.

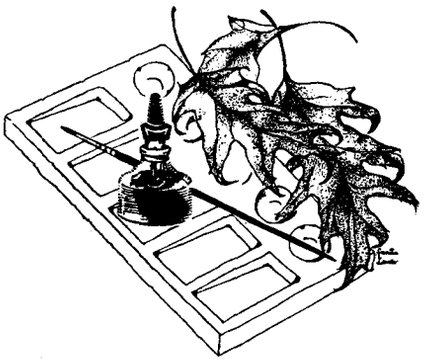
This tendency to regard the forces in the world as black and white, good and evil, with no compromise between them, is apparent in a great deal of the serious literature and thought of today. Increasingly, there is no middle ground in which contending principles and beliefs can be fought for on a fair field; everything is black or white, evil or good, satanic or godly.

As a corollary to this return to primitivism, it is inevitable that the other side of the argument should be accused of conspiring with diabolical cleverness against its less well organized or naive opponents. In the attacks by Northern writers on racial discrimination in the South, there is no echo of the Southerner's contention that conditions are improving, or his belief that somehow Wall Street and the Federal Government are plotting the downfall of States's rights and self-government.

In the political dispute with Russia the "men of the Kremlin" are now seen as a cold and remorseless cabal against the peace of the world, while the delusions of the Russians about the conspirators of the Western World have assumed such proportions that they appear to reasonable men elsewhere as monstrous nightmares which are afflicting scientists, intellectuals and statesmen alike. Russian literary criticism is riddled with this modern superstition. For example, in a typical essay on Dostoievsky in Moscow's *Literary Gazette* the critic Y. Yermilov writes, "Contemporary bourgeois literature is mobilizing all its forces to sully and besmirch everything human, and to prove how base, weak, and contemptible is human nature itself . . . Today, just as during his life, Dostoievsky is to be found in the vanguard of reaction. His works are being utilized extensively and in many ways in the frenzied campaign against man that has been undertaken by the literary lackeys of Wall Street."

The British, whose political genius has always expressed an intelligent use of compromise, are also losing their reasonable and calm attitude toward current dilemmas. According to J. M. Priestley, who has in recent years become a popular moralist somewhat in the style of our own Philip Wylie, his countrymen are deafened and bewildered now by people who believe in enormous and elaborate plots. "I find," he declares, "the same hysterical tone, the same nightmare atmosphere, in much writing and talking, these days; the same clear view of something that is not here in the world of fact, but has been projected from the inner world of personal fantasy; the same sinister tall towers built on a foundation of moonshine."

Can it be true then that most of the world is drifting into the kind of emotional instability and neurotic confusion that led, let us say, to the witchcraft mania that overwhelmed the reason of the Western World for three centuries? We do not, it is true, believe any longer in old women cohabiting with Satan, in warlocks, and witches flying on broomsticks. But the strong convictions that led to the horrors that were perpetrated in the name of religion may have had the same source as our own suspicions and fears, and may lead to worse and more majestic calamities. Men and women are no longer accused of plotting with the devil; they themselves have become, in the minds of their enemies, devils who conspire with other cold-blooded and remorseless devils for the destruction of mankind.



That this is sheer fantasy and delusion there can be no doubt. It is strange to see that while these fantasies continue to fasten on people's minds, what was once meritorious and good has now become suspect. From the late nineteenth century to recent times scientific progress was considered to be beneficent; now we shudder at the thought of the atomic bomb and bacteriological warfare and at the sight of vast laboratories closed to public inspection and knowledge. It it now science that will destroy us, rather than save us. Bernard Baruch and his atomic energy colleagues are now regarded in Russia, and occasionally at home, as enemies of the human race plotting to control, for nationalistic or even personal reasons, the heart and course of future power.

THE rational man who could see with equal clarity both sides of the fence—the "liberal"—is now either ridiculed or bitterly attacked. No longer does he represent the triumph of reason and common sense; he is allied to the forces of disorder and disintegration. The individual who believes in the right of man to work out his own destiny has become dangerous to states that are embracing Socialism, and the devastating power of propaganda is being used against them. The attack against men who have united to spread their belief in world federation as the only means of escape from future atomic wars is just beginning in the press.

The causes of this outright conflict between white and black are clear enough. They are centered in the fear of men and women of a third world war, and in the increasing insecurity of what we have known as civilization. All the devilish devices of propaganda, which we have learned in two wars as a means of combatting our enemies, have contributed to the downfall of reason. A third, and perhaps the most powerful, instrument of disintegration has been the failure of man to substitute science for religion as the mainspring of contentment and that sense of future security without which we must drift aimlessly on the tides of fear and disunion. There are in sight only two ways in which our fears and our suspicious may be relieved. In some way the threat of war may be removed either by a Russian retreat, or by such unity and strength in the West that war becomes inconceivable as an instrument of policy. The second is more tenuous and consists in the evidences of the rise of religion as a major theme in modern writing. —H. S.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Amateurs and Fanatics?

SIR: I agree so heartily with the main thesis of Lewis Mumford's "Let Man Take Command" [*SRL* Oct. 2] and his eloquent plea for a world common language that I only reluctantly express objection to one paragraph.

I object to his cavalier dismissal of the many outstanding linguists who have tackled the problem of creating a universal language as "mainly . . . a few amateurs and fanatics who naturally have so far made little headway." Mr. Mumford does not need to accept Esperanto as originated by Zamenhof and developed by a long line of expert philologists in various language academies; or the many books written by Jesperson and many other expert linguists and scholars of worldwide fame; or even the Basic English of Richards and Ogden to recognize that important and valuable work has been done in this field.

My own interest in the matter is not that of a specialist but of a person who has overcome, in countries as far apart and as different as USSR and the New Japan, the barriers to understanding created by lingual diversity by using the international auxiliary language. Twenty years of practical use of Esperanto convince me that we can qualitatively improve communication among the people and not merely among the pedants of this planet.

MARK STARR.

New York, N. Y.

Progress

SIR: In reviewing "Society as a Patient" [*SRL* Aug. 28] Mr. Asher Brynes quoted the following statement from the book: "We are replacing contract by status and the process is under way." He then continued as follows: "Replace contract (meaning self-government) by status (meaning the dictates of the group) and call it progress?"

This comment reveals a way of thinking which has very serious implications for art and literature. Over the past forty or fifty years especially, the novelist, dramatist, and the poets have been increasingly concerned with making us aware of the way in which our social, political, and economic life and our legal practices have ignored human values and have denied dignity to man, woman, and child. These writers are developing a new sensibility which is beginning to find expression in a variety of activities, such as new legislation seeking to protect the rights of human beings, and in the EPC or in the so-called New Deal legislation which provided relief for the unemployed, gave food for school children, protection for the pregnant wives of service men, and in a variety of other ways endeavored to see that individuals, as members of our society, received at least the minima for decent human living.

Moreover, the Commission on Human Rights of the United Nations has for the last few years been struggling to obtain acceptance for the Charter of Human Rights, which is another effort to give individuals an enhanced status and a security which, until recently, has been content with a purely legislative definition of rights, which the individual himself had to enforce, except when the criminal law was violated.

Looking at what has been taking place, as briefly described above, it does not seem inappropriate to describe this as a replacement of contract and legal rights (meaning that the individual is left to struggle and compete, to invoke legal action to maintain his rights) by status (meaning that human beings as human beings are being accorded a place and a participation in our social life) with provisions of the essentials of decency and human living, with dignity that has been the privilege of only the most aggressive and powerful in the past.

LAWRENCE K. FRANK.

New York, N. Y.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"That explains his majesty's dream about the fat cows and the lean cows. The question now is, should we try and control prices?"

Libido's Direction

SIR: I wish to protest the indiscriminate use of the term "homosexual" in the letter of Virginia Cummins [*SRL* Sept. 25]. As usual, the condition of homosexuality is confused with perversion, a horse of another complexion. The great majority of homosexuals have no sex dealings whatever, have sublimated sex into other channels. With its companion terms, "heterosexuality" and "bisexuality," homosexuality refers merely to the direction of the libido.

JOHANNES PETERSEN.

Margaretville, N. Y.

The Boucicaults

SIR: Am working on a new book on the life and works of the late Dion Boucicault, the elder, Irish playwright, and would like to hear from anyone having any letters, pictures, clippings, etc., about him or his sons, the late Dion and Aubrey Boucicault.

Would appreciate hearing from any such and may be addressed care of the *San Diego Union*, editorial dept., San Diego, Calif.

RUSSELL E. SMITH.

San Diego, Calif.

Prescience

SIR:

Whoever writes *puissance*
When he means simply *power*
Commits a literary nuisance
That turns me all sour.

Some may brook such snobs
With insouciance;
I would send them to jail
If I had the puissance.

LEWIS M. TERMAN.

Stanford, Calif.

Cutting through Contrasts

SIR: I am surprised to find in your columns a review with as many factual inaccuracies as the one of my book "From the Heart of Europe" [*SRL* Oct. 16]. I would ask your courtesy in printing this note in correction.

My intention in discussing a few of the political situations in Central Europe was to try to cut through some of the facile black *vs.* white contrasts between East and West by suggesting how these situations look, for instance, to Czechs and Hungarians themselves. But your reviewer seems bound to obscure all the distinctions I made. For example, he says that I am "not above floating the suggestion that 'President Benes supported Prime Minister Gottwald'." All I say on that point is the strictly accurate fact that, at the time of the resignation of the right-wing ministers during the February crisis, the late President "supported" the Prime Minister, who was backed by a majority in Parliament, and refused to dissolve the Cabinet.

Again your reviewer states that I

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"go so far as to report the absurd canard that Jan Masaryk committed suicide because of a broken heart over reproaches from his Western friends." I say nothing of the sort. I simply give a letter from a Czech Social Democrat, written from Prague at the time in deep sorrow, and attempting to probe some of "the great mental contradictions" that may have entered into Masaryk's tortured mind.

In my brief section describing a visit to Budapest, your reviewer attributes to me a theory which I did not entertain, "the quaint theory that the Communists won by superior logic." I give no discussion of Hungarian elections other than as reported by some Hungarians of various parties, and state explicitly that "the Communists are militant and determined to transform a minority group, by tireless activity and by intimidation wherever necessary, into the majority will."

After several other similar misstatements and distortions, the review ends with the remark that the "validity" of my "testimony can best be measured" in the "near complacency" with which I accept current developments along the Danube. The paragraph upon which your reviewer bases that conclusion reads: "I rode away in a taxi with the somber feeling that now, a century after Kossuth's hopes for a union of Danubian States, the only likelihood of their realization would appear to be as Soviet Republics. At this stage that would be an enforced union for a country like Hungary which, for all these years, has still failed to make up its collective mind to any purposive social ends. Such a union would be enforced by a naked practice of the doctrine that the end justifies the means, whereas one of the great moral truths that Trotsky reaffirmed cogently was that there cannot be any separation between means and ends, that only the means suitable to a socialist humanity will achieve socialism, that brutal means will always carry over into brutal ends. But the best political theory often gets severely strained and altered in practice. The inescapable fact remains that the states of the Danubian basin must unite if they are to survive, and the Soviet Union is the one union in sight. It knows what it wants, and brutalized as much of its practice may have been, it still points towards a goal that gives the dispossessed their only hope."

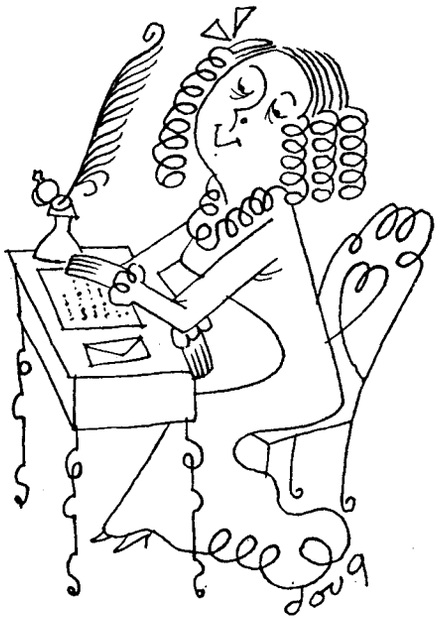
Your reviewer is within his full rights in disagreeing with my analysis or my conclusions, but the mixed feelings expressed in that paragraph are, I should hope, far from complacency. I wrote my book in the hope of conveying some of the desperate complexities that confront people trying to live on the other side of the so-called "iron curtain." Isn't it the desire—and the responsibility—of a critical organ like *The Saturday Review of Literature* also to enable its readers to grasp actual states of mind instead of black *vs.* white abstractions? And even though your reviewer may dislike my opposition to the Truman doctrine and my support of Henry Wallace, isn't it his first function to report what I actually wrote?

F. O. MATTHIESSEN.

Cambridge, Mass.

SIR: Yes, Benes supported Gottwald—but only because Gottwald threatened civil war unless Benes yielded. This was so clear even when Dr. Matthiessen was writing his book that it is no longer worth arguing. After "supporting" Gottwald, Benes resigned. A "strictly accurate fact" which tells only a part of the story, thereby distorting the whole, is either superficial or dishonest reporting.

The letter from his Social Democrat was Dr. Matthiessen's sole comment on the death of Jan Massaryk. He quoted it at length, uncritically, without a breath of demurrer, and he cannot slide out from under responsibility for it now. That letter suggests that Masaryk killed himself because of "great mental contradictions" after reading "many letters of reproach and condemnation" from his Western friends. What else does this mean than what the review said it means? As for its being an "obvious canard," it will continue to be so regarded by everyone who knew Jan Masaryk, than



whom nobody I ever met was less given to jumping out of windows because of mental contradictions, a broken heart, or anything else.

Short of examining Dr. Matthiessen's book, which I do not recommend, the reader will never learn for sure whether author or reviewer is telling the truth about the author's chapter on Budapest. I would rather not abuse your hospitality by lengthy literary exegesis here. As for his final complaint about "near complacency," the author, for once, is misquoting the reviewer. My reference was specifically to Dr. Matthiessen's remarks on the likelihood of a future union of Soviet Socialist Danubian Republics, which, as his book shows, he most certainly accepts with "near complacency."

Significantly, all of the professor's objections are to minor details in my review. He does not attempt to challenge its main arguments of fact, but cries anguish over small issues in order to obscure large ones. I still feel that, while nothing in this world is "facile black *vs.* white," there is sufficient preponderance of black in Russia's Europe to have persuaded Dr. Matthiessen—and all other "liberals" who claim to cherish human dignity—that Communist operations in Hungary and Czechoslovakia are something worse than neutral gray, to say nothing of amiable pink. Harvard's specialist in Henry James has produced a report which asserts itself to be mainly a study of cultural and social conditions. It would have been a much better book if he had done just that. Because they insinuate generalizations based on one-sided sources without evaluation of the entire evidence, his political remarks make his book a tract for fellow travelers, an apologia for tyranny.

HAL LEHRMAN.

New York, N. Y.

Harnett, Not Hartmann

SIR: The note of identification published at the end of my article on criticism [*SRL* Sept. 25] states that during the past year I used a Guggenheim Fellowship to do research on the Russian architect Victor Alexandrovitch Hartmann. This is an error.

My work on Hartmann was completed and published (in the *Musical Quarterly*) more than nine years ago. My Guggenheim Fellowship was for research on the American still-life painter William Michael Harnett, and this project rapidly developed into a study of late nineteenth-century American still-life in general, including the works of such artists as John Frederick Peto, Richard LaBarre Goodwin, N. A. Brooks, Jefferson D. Chalfant, George Cope, John Marion Shinn, Alexander Pope, George W. Platt, Claude Raguet Hirst, John Haberle, M. A. Gouy, Victor Dubreuil, and a number of others.

These men have never been studied in detail, if at all; paintings by all of them are in public and private places throughout the country, and if any of *SRL's* readers know about any of them, it would assist my work no end if they would be kind enough to inform me.

ALFRED V. FRANKENSTEIN.

San Francisco Chronicle,
San Francisco, Calif.

"Youth Must Be Served"

SIR: I congratulate and envy the writer of the editorial "Youth Must be Served" [*SRL* Oct. 2]. I said to myself, "I wish I had written that" and then I said, "But could I have done it as well?" and the answer came, NO.

GELETT BURGESS.

New York, N. Y.

A Touch of Mysticism

SIR: I am beginning to collect material for a thesis on "Elements of Mysticism in Edwin Arlington Robinson's Poetry."

After reading Robinson's "Collected Poems" I am convinced that there is a touch of mysticism in his poetry. Hagedorn in his biography calls the poet a mystic. And in Harvard Robinson met George Edwin Burnham, who interested Robinson in Oriental philosophy and may thus have influenced his writing.

Perhaps the *SRL* has among its readers friends of the poet, who have opinions on this matter. From these persons or from anyone else informed on Robinson I should greatly appreciate information, opinions, or suggestions about reference materials.

(Miss) VASSAR MILLER.

2117 Chilton Rd.,
Houston 6, Tex.

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Belles Lettres.

In the last few years we have seen many new editions of the classics "abridged for modern reading." Whether this is a sad commentary on the distracting quality of our civilization or is a milestone in the effort to bring learning to a wider public, is an open question. We review below a condensation of a great epic of India. The ten best novels of the world are now being edited and condensed by Somerset Maugham. Two years ago Herbert Agar's "The Formative Years," a condensation of Henry Adams's famous "History of the United States," was published. Scheduled for next month is John Tebbel's abridgement of Parkman's "The Battle for North America." . . . To supplement the studies of Hopkins and Tennyson reviewed below, fans should see "Gerard Manley Hopkins," by W. A. M. Peters, and the forthcoming "Alfred Tennyson, His Family and Friends," by the poet's grandson, Charles Tennyson.

Streamlined "Mahabharata"

THE FIVE BROTHERS. Condensed and edited from the English translation of Kisari Mohan Ganguli by Elisabeth Seeger. New York: The John Day Co. 1948. 288 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by GORDDEN LINK

THE one hundred thousand verses of the "Mahabharata," India's greatest epic, are ascribed to the sage Vsaya, who, in his capacity as "compiler," had the collaboration of Ganesa, God of Wisdom. Under such auspices it is perhaps natural that three-fourths of the vast book should comprise countless casual episodes, beautiful if irrelevant, and a wide range of poetic essays on theology, morals, and government. Even in India, where reference to the "Mahabharata" is as common as Western allusion to Shakespeare, there is widespread misconception concerning the specific contents of the epic. Some Indians insist on discussing purely apocryphal incidents while others, educated abroad, deny that the great book can actually include some of its incredible generic passages. But the main action of the epic manages to embrace more informal procreation, reckless gambling, heedless lust, and pure adventure, more single combat and massed battle, than could be compressed in a dozen contemporary historical novels.

—*Illustrations from the book.*

"Great Armies Came Like Rivers."

Called "The Five Brothers," after the principal protagonists, Elizabeth Seeger's condensation of a prose translation by Kisari Mohan Ganguli might well form the basis for a year's supply of Hollywood scripts. The American audience, of course, would have to accept with "willing suspension of disbelief" the notion of gods on earth in everyday behavior patterns, the idea of a king with his one hundred sons as villains of the piece, who lead their empire to total annihilation in a cause they know to be wrong, and the evidence that a beautiful princess may be happily married to all five of the heroes while bearing each a son in turn. These scripts would have everything. There would be espionage and counterespionage, intrigue, fraud, and complicated attempts at assassination of King Pandu's five sons, three of whom were begat by his first wife, Kunti, with the specific aid of three different gods, Dharma, Vayu, and Indra. (The two other brothers were conceived by Madri, Pandu's second wife to whom Kunti, at her husband's insistence, had communicated her special spell for securing the physical collaboration of the gods in such matters.) There would also be the inimical machinations of Kunti's first and unacknowledged son, Warma, against his five royal step-brothers. Poor

"The Crane: What Is the Highest Duty?"

Karma seems never to have forgiven his mother for abandoning him, like Moses in the bullrushes, because she did not want her husband to know that the baby's father was the Sun God, whom she had summoned in purely experimental whim. And there would be pageantry and slaughter of horizon-stretching armies on such a scale as to make "Ben Hur" resemble a Grade C quickie by Monograph Films. In Miss Seeger's streamlined version of the "Mahabharata," the sweep of event, the change of pace, the wholesale delineation of character hold the reader chairborne despite the archaic phraseology that must be employed to retain the flavor of the original. There is never a dull moment in "The Five Brothers."

It is incredible that a work of this magnitude and this importance in literature has so long been virtually unavailable to the intelligent American reader. Scholars have had access to a complete French translation of the late nineteenth century, and about sixty years ago Pratap Chundur Roy began issuing a small edition (Calcutta, Bharata Press) of the "Mahabharata" of Krishna-Dwaipayana Vsaya in eighteen volumes of painstaking prose, which may now be found only in the few great scholarly libraries. There is also a fairly detailed account of the poem, with running commentary, which fills about five hundred pages of Volume I of J. Tallboys Wheeler's now rarely encountered "History of India." In 1894 Professor John Campbell Oman did a condensed version of both the "Mahabharata" and the "Ramayana" in one volume which combined synopsis and commentary, but this fine, understanding treatment has long been out of

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print. More recently Romeish Chundur Dutt accomplished a relatively brief translation in verse which approximates too closely for comfort the rhythms and mannerisms of "Hiawatha." There have been several volumes of tales from the Indian epics for younger readers incorporating stories from the "Mahabharata," but these fail to offer a consecutive story of the epic as a whole. There are, of course, many translations of the "Bhagavatgita," or "Divine Song," including several distinguished versions in English verse. The famous dialogue between Prince Arjuna, the third brother, and his charioteer, the god Krishna, is therefore sometimes assumed to be a separate entity rather than what it actually is, an interpolated metaphysical lyric poem which precedes the tale of the Great Battle, the central incident of the "Mahabharata." Unfortunately, the "Bhagavatgita" is stripped down to its narrative bones in Miss Seeger's treatment. It is probable, however, that the editor, seeking to stress the main story elements, does well to pass lightly over the numerous philosophical disquisitions in which the epic abounds and of which the "Bhagavatgita" is the apotheosis.

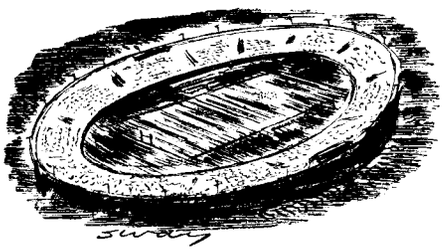
Miss Seeger has done for Ganguli's translation what D. C. Somervell accomplished for Toynbee's "A Study of History," except that her work is a kind of Platonic second remove from reality. There is a certain inevitable loss to literature in such a process, as witness the following description of Draupadi, who married the five brothers: "Her body is as fragrant as a blue lotus flower." Far more vivid and memorable is the translation of Pratap Chundur Roy: "Her body emitted a fragrance as that of a blue lotus, perceivable from a distance of full two miles." Nevertheless, Miss Seeger's was a necessary literary labor, for it is about time that American students were given easy access to one of the great books of all time. Not the least of her virtues as handmaiden by indirection to Vsaya is the fact that she has dispelled for the contemporary reader of the "Mahabharata" what Professor Oman used to call "the clouds of mythological dust which obscure the view." She has made a valuable contribution to the study of Indian literature and mythology, even if comparison of the texts leads to the conviction that she and Ganguli have in turn leaned somewhat heavily upon the pioneer labors of Pratap Chundur Roy. But to carp at her efforts for this reason would be like criticizing a modern poetic version of the "Odyssey" for leaning upon Chapman.

Two Victories in the Present Tense

GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS. By W. H. Bardner. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1948. 304 *pp.* $4.

TENNYSON: SIXTY YEARS AFTER. By Paull F. Baum. Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press. 1948. 331 *pp.* $4.25.

Reviewed by NORMAN HOLMES PEARSON



IT might be interesting if Tennyson and Hopkins should come to be coupled in the mind as Tennyson and Browning once were. For both were eminently skilled in the art of verse, and both were Victorians within the sprawling scope of that term, though Tennyson seems inescapably a part of its image, while Hopkins must be drawn into it by force.

But while it is natural to look at poets as pictures in a figured past, it is also proper to examine them in terms of the present tense of their usefulness and readability. Some such intent seems to lie in the studies of Tennyson and Hopkins which have just been published in this country.

The challenge to the authors of these books varies. Hopkins is still in a position of generally acknowledged vitality. Without too much offense to our proprieties, he can be examined with reverence, as W. H. Gardner has done in the American issue of a book which first appeared during the war years in London.

Tennyson's case is another matter, as Paull F. Baum recognizes in the volume which he calls "Tennyson: Sixty Years After." Professor Baum implies obviously that sixty years after is not the same as sixty years before. The absolute veneration of the figure has become oppressive. Professor Baum is trying to clear off the heavy stain from a Victorian *objet d'art*. This he goes about with workmanlike thoroughness by returning to the original construction with a mass of material contemporary to Tennyson and related to the laureate's early life and the reception of his poetry. What we are actually permitted is the opportunity of watching the stain redarken. It is perhaps surprising that we have nothing like a satisfactory biography either of Tennyson or his reputation. Professor Baum does what he can, especially with the latter, and adds much of interest and importance to our knowledge. It may be surprising also, and satisfying, to learn that Victorian critics, as distinct from the public, accepted with mixed feelings the products from Tennyson's official pen. Professor Baum documents all this with thoroughness and urbanity.

One difficulty in Tennyson's case is the apparent and awful necessity of considering him *en masse*. "Tennyson Sixty Years After" does just this. The greater part of the book is taken up with the consideration of the bulk. The bulk is as oppressive as the veneration once was. A chapter on "Tennyson Dead," which is an account of the funeral, opens the book; "Tennyson Living," an account of the residue of "poetry," too briefly closes it. The trouble is that for a generation younger than Professor Baum's Tennyson is still dead as a doornail. We hear neither his metrics nor his message. One no longer needs to rearrange the funeral tributes so much as one needs, *de novo*, to establish his quality. Perhaps tactically it would be preferable not to start with an armful of lengthy poems like "Maud" and the "Idylls," which were overpraised by an earlier public, but to take a handful of the briefer technical successes and concentrate on them as a core. "Ulysses," "Tiresias," "The Revenge," "Break, Break, Break," "The Oak," and "Now Sleeps the Crimson Petal, Now the White" might do for a start. The core will take on a new firm flesh with the excited accretion of individual discovery in the poetry of a man whose fine ear and nice particularity of image could be so frequently superb. Professor Baum's book is a valuable addition to the scholarly studies of Tennyson. It is not, however, precisely what Tennyson needs sixty years after.

If we see Tennyson in the past more

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Swinburne: "Laus Veneris." 2. Stevenson: "Windy Nights." 3. Whittier: "Snow-Bound." 4. Coleridge: "The Ancient Mariner." 5. Poe: "The Bells." 6. Scott: "The Foray." 7. Byron: "The Prisoner of Chillon." 8. Moody: "Gloucester Moors." 9. Keats: "The Eve of Saint Agnes." 10. Longfellow: "Evangeline." 11. Burns: "To a Mountain Daisy." 12. Amy Lowell: "Lilacs." 13. Shelley: "The Cloud." 14. Masefield: "Cargoes." 15. Shakespeare: "Sonnet XVIII." 16. Frost: "Storm Fear." 17. Wordsworth: "The Green Linnet." 18. Tennyson: "Locksley Hall." 29. Kipling: "Mandalay." 20. Gray: "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard."

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than we hear him in the present, such is not the case with Hopkins. Perhaps this is inevitably so in view of what Lindsay might enviously have called the "higher vaudeville" of Hopkins's verse. Tennyson's increasing effort was to be an interpreter of his age. It was a slippery thing to comprehend. Hopkins's objective was the more definitely established area of theology. But despite the firm substance of what he had to say with so much energy, his initial appeal is inescapably to the ear. Let us be frank; Hopkins has won more ears to sprung rhythm than he has souls to Roman Catholicism.

Mr. Gardner in his book, which he subtitles "A Study of Poetic Idiosyncrasy in Relation to Poetic Tradition," would defend Father Hopkins to the last article of faith. But he perhaps shrewdly presents him primarily as a maker of verse. Mr. Gardner has an estimable advantage in having apparently had free access to his subject's literary remains. These he has studied with remarkable effectiveness, pointing out the shifts and changes in Hopkins's style as the poet developed individuality of idiom and stress in the accentual tradition of English verse. He has pointed out also the strong indebtedness of Hopkins to the metrics and rhetoric of Welsh poetry, to which the priest was exposed during his station in Wales. He analyzes "The Wreck of the Deutschland" with diligence and piety. The titles of certain of Gardner's chapters are formidable: "Sonnet Morphology," "Diction and Syntax," "Themes and Imagery." But what emerges from his study is an understanding of Hopkins's creativity. And what remains in the mind of the reader is a sense of the vitality of Hopkins's verse. Gardner, too, has his chapter on the critics and reviewers of the poems, but it is not his most valuable contribution; which is only to say that, ultimately, it is the poetry which counts and not the poet nor what has been said about his poems.

FICTION

(*Continued from page 15*)

wars, perceives that: "Beyond Stalingrad must mean to fight against military—and not only military—criminality. It must mean to turn away from the long wrong road we have traveled, to turn away from our own wrongdoing and above all from the wrongs we have committed against our true selves."

A contemptuous sketch is given of Von Paulus. Here is the classic Prussian, afflicted with a nervous tic, remote from all but the theoretical knowledge of his army's predicament, partly governed by his Nazi chief-of-staff. When he surrenders at last it is as "a private person," indifferent completely to the ghastly human wreckage he has created by holding to the Fuehrer's senseless command: "Not one step backwards." Von Paulus scorns the Fuehrer, recognizes defeat, yet feels this to be but one more wave in the inevitable Germany destiny. In the next war. . . .

It is impossible to indicate the many aspects of the debacle brought under observation in this book. It is thorough, it is workmanlike, but it is plodding. I hope it will achieve a wide audience here, yet I feel its European sale, if not exaggerated, must be in part a reaction after years of enforced silence, coupled with the morbid signifiance and tragic associations Stalingrad has for Germany.

The book has been compared to "All Quiet on the Western Front." But this points to Plievier's limitation. It would be one thing if this had preceded "All Quiet"—it is another to come after it. For all its detail, for all its inclusion of certain Nazi trimmings, Plievier offers absolutely nothing essential that is not still valid in Remarque and in Arnold Zweig. We have been here before. This is "Education Before Stalingrad."

Shaw once said, "The first great comer reaps the whole harvest and reduces those who follow to mere gleaners." Surely we are not to believe that the great analytical novelists of this war will have nothing to add to those of the last. Hence we are left still looking for something Plievier does not provide. Nothing quite so massive has yet come out of American war experience, unless it be "The Naked and the Dead," which I have not read. But some of our writers, at least in nonfiction, are striving beyond the basic "war-is-hell" school.

"Stalingrad" repeats and underlines the work of the masters of modern realistic war literature, but it brings no new illumination.

Art & Old Tyrannies

THE TENTH SYMPHONY. By Mark Aldanov. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1948. 149 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by R. ELLIS ROBERTS

THIS delicate, affectionate study—Mr. Aldanov calls it "a symbolic novelette"—is concerned with the painter Isabey, who as a young man painted Marie Antoinette and lived to know and be decorated by Napoleon III. He was essentially an elegant painter: his best-known work, "Napoleon at Malmaison," makes even the Corsican elegant; and this sketch of some incidents in his life has an elegance not unlike Isabey's own. "The Tenth Symphony" reads rather as if Thomas Mann had rewritten one of Pater's "Imaginary Portraits." It has a lingering, restful charm in spite—or because—of the violence of the world in which Isabey lived. Under those earlier tyrannies, of Louis XVI, of the Revolution, of Napoleon, of the restored Bourbons, and then of Napoleon the little, the artist was not compelled to totter on some fantastic ideological line. Indeed he could shift from one tyranny to the other, provided he was a good artist. So, though Isabey welcomed Napoleon's escape from Elba, Louis XVIII bore him no grudge, and he continued to paint the best, "the most important" people in that exquisite manner which reduces the heroic, so magnificently portrayed by his master, David, to the proportions of the salon.

The tale opens at the Council of Vienna, where Isabey has come to make a picture of the plenipotentiaries: Talleyrand, Metternich, possibly even the Iron Duke. We meet him there with his friend, the Russian Prince Razumovsky, who is leading a life of bankrupt extravagance in a great palace he has built in the great-

The White Peacock

By Martha Bacon

AUTUMN, the brave cock-pheasant, now hangs high
From winter's rafters, bowed the copper crest
Under the north's almighty archery.
The last bright deathly wound glows in his breast.
The wind blasphemes, now steals the subtle frost,
The prince of thieves, to ravish from the vine
Its store of bronze and tyrian. Leafless and lost
The trees their sovereignty to sleep consign.
Then branch and tendril bloom in the glittering cold,
The world a glorious, a white peacock spread,
With diamond breast and lineaments of gold,
In his still plumes supremely garlanded.
Voiceless he stands. No wind presumes to blow,
No sound save silence of snow falling on snow.

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est capital of Europe. Without the least emphasis Mr. Aldanov, just by naming the man's estates, suggests what his waste causes in suffering to unseen peasants in remote Muscovy. Razumovsky is a dilettante, a connoisseur, especially of music, and a friend and patron of Beethoven, now poor, deaf, shabby, difficult. There are tact and skill in Mr. Aldanov's handling of the lonely, supreme world of the great musician, the excessive, absurd world of Razumovsky, and the shrewd, sympathetic, cynical world of Isabey, who believes that "art is always more elegant than life; otherwise it would be unbearable." In this part of the story there are two scenes of violence: the fire which destroys the Razumovsky palace is well done, but not in any extraordinary degree; the other, on the contrary, in its mixture of horror and the grotesque, its evocation of the pure artist's disgust at the spectacle of nature's brutality, is astonishingly impressive. The scene is only the visit of Beethoven to the booth of a traveling showman exhibiting a boa constrictor at feeding-time. Isabey is there, too, and is more fascinated by the agony of Beethoven than by the sight of the great serpent.

After the early scenes in Vienna Razumovsky has a brief interlude in Rome, still bankrupt, still nonchalant, then back to Vienna, where, on the Seventh of May 1823 Beethoven, now stone-deaf and more churlish, is present at the première of his Ninth Symphony. Razumovsky, now over eighty, leaves a dinner party to attend it. From here on Mr. Aldanov stresses the characteristics of old age in men: Razumovsky is tired and puzzled, but in the last scenes of the book, laid in the Paris of the Second Empire, Isabey is cheerful, even chirpy, and rejoices with a gentle mischief when he can remind the Empress Eugénie, when she halts him on the Place de la Concorde, that he did a portrait of Queen Marie Antoinette. Isabey is happy;

> but at the thought that this very man had sketched the Queen who had been executed more than sixty years previously, on this very square, the Empress felt frightened. She decided that one should not, that it was not proper for one to live so long.

The great virtue of this little tale is its sense of the continuity of history, the author's awareness that any life which has had meaning is contemporaneous, however distant in time. For the artist, as for the pure scientist and the saint, there is no past and no future, only an eternal present which he endeavors to present to those who can think and can listen and can see.

THE SCIENTIFIC PRODUCTION OF LOVE

(*Continued from page* 10)

too long under too high tension, we are prone to come down with colds, grippe, ulcers, depressions, or what not.

Yet it is asserted today that since release from tension is the highest pleasure, we all create tensions for the purpose of deriving the pleasure of release. We also know that many people seem to be at their best under tension. Sport will furnish another easy example. The great champion in any game is the man or woman who can raise his game to its heights at just the point where disastrous defeat seems imminent. Tilden, in his prime, constantly lost two sets before his game shaped up; then he annihilated his opponent. It would appear, therefore, that tension, like other forces, has its good and bad sides.

So long as I, meaning the fused I, can effect some not altogether unsatisfactory release of tension, I will be reasonably well. When I find the tension unreleasable by any means, my body is an easy prey to bacteria, my emotional self to depressions and anxieties, my mental self to confusion, even insanity.

The point of danger differs with different individuals. But a thermometer to guide the doctor can be found in the brain.

The Rhythm of the Brain

Even in Vittoz's era, it had been known for a long time that the brain has a rhythm of its own, just as the heart and the lungs have their rhythms. Emmanuel Swedenborg discovered that the brain rhythm did not correspond to that of the lungs or heart, but he went no further. I do not know how Vittoz worked out his discoveries; I shall simply try to state his conclusions and the use he made of them.

The normal rhythm accomplishes the following process: The brain receives impressions and sensations. Then it rests. Then it concentrates on those impressions and sensations. Again it rests. Then it emits a result of the reception and concentration, which may be a thought or a physical action or a decision involving both. The whole process can take place in a flash. Assume you are working with an explosive mixture. Suddenly your brain hears an explosion; rests; concentrates on possible effect, including dust in your eyes; rests; you shut your eyes. The whole thing takes place in the space of time between the explosion and the dropping of your eyelids. But the rhythm is the same as if it took twice as long—as in some cases it may.

If the operation were fully effective, which it seldom is, it would bring you great command of action. First, you would perceive *consciously* everything your senses can bring to you. Not just the physical aspects, which some people do very well,—not just the emotional content that shows in your neighbor's face, which others see clearly,—but *everything*. There isn't one person in ten million with such power of reception.

Second, during the concentration period you would sort out every one of these impressions and sensations and dispose of them according to their possible use. Those of no immediate importance would be relegated to the lower layers of memory; those of immediate value in determining your next thought or action would be held in place and related to other past sensations of helpful character.

Third, you would act. You would act not on the basis of confusion, but with the feeling that you are determining your action on the basis of the most complete evidence available to you. Then, and only then, can you act freely and without fear.

The implications perhaps will be clearer if an attempt is made to describe what happens when we depart from the normal rhythm, which is the case with most of us, unfortunately, nine-tenths of the time.

In such case, we get *consciously* only a small proportion of the sensations and impressions our senses bring to us. But we get *all* of them *unconsciously*. The unnoticed ones, instead of being sorted out and dealt with during the concentration period, slip into those subconscious sides of our mental, emotional, and physical selves

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which we discussed before. Thus we accumulate a battery of undigested factors which bounce up at the most unexpected moments to plague and destroy us.

Coding of the Rhythm

To use this knowledge therapeutically it is of course necessary to have a means of determining whether the brain rhythm of the patient is normal or abnormal. Near the end of his life Vittoz constructed a machine which would enable anyone to do this. The machine coded the rhythm in much the same way as a cardiograph codes the action of the heart.

The normal rhythm shows up on the machine somewhat as follows:

A person suffering from extreme anguish will produce the following graph:

Similarly, other psychical conditions produce varied lines.

Now the particular dots and lines of either a cardiograph or the Vittoz machine have no magic in themselves; they simply show the heart or the brain is not operating normally. Different machines might produce different series of dots and lines for normal and abnormal conditions. The present cardiograph and the Vittoz machine are not the last word in coding rhythm; later inventions may clarify the action still further.

There is an important point of difference, however, between the use of the cardiograph and the Vittoz machine. In treating the heart, a physician may use drugs or a regimen, but his objective is to make the heart operate correctly as a *physical* organism. When my brain rhythm shows up to be abnormal, it does *not* mean that anything is wrong with my physical brain. It means something is wrong with my "I," and *that* is what has to be treated. A physically diseased brain would demand entirely different treatment.

Treatment

The theory of the Vittoz method can be stated roughly as follows: If a patient is suffering from depression, anxiety, or other psychical illness (which may, of course, produce physical concomitants), the cause is usually unreleasable tensions arising from conflicts of the emotional, mental, and physical "I's." This will show up on the brain cardiograph, if I may use the phrase.

Treatment is designed to put the fused "I" back in command, at first only sufficiently to enable the patient to make the decisions which can release the tensions. Final cure would give the fused "I" such constant command that Superconscious energy will begin to flow. Few of us ever achieve that perfection, but it appears that Vittoz was able to bring his patients to a point where they could handle their lives with a minimum of neurotic confusion.

The rhythm of the brain is more of a guide than might be imagined. It enables the doctor to determine whether the patient is weak on reception, concentration, or emissivity, and to adjust the treatment accordingly. Among Western men and women, faulty reception is perhaps the most common weakness. Many of us have enough concentration and emissivity to enable us to accomplish striking achievements. This is done at the cost of a self-centeredness which makes a really well-balanced life impossible.

It is interesting to note that at the time Vittoz was studying reception from the medical point of view, a famous American was studying it from the purely psychological point of view. And William James came to much the same conclusion as Vittoz. James even declared that attention was the *only* fundamental act. The great psychological need is a deeper consciousness; in Vittoz's terms, the stimulation of reception.

Techniques

The actual techniques of the Vittoz method are difficult to describe. In the beginning they *must* be applied under a doctor's guidance; later the patient can use them himself and gauge their effects. This is an important point, for without it, the sketchy account below might sound like a modified version of Coué.

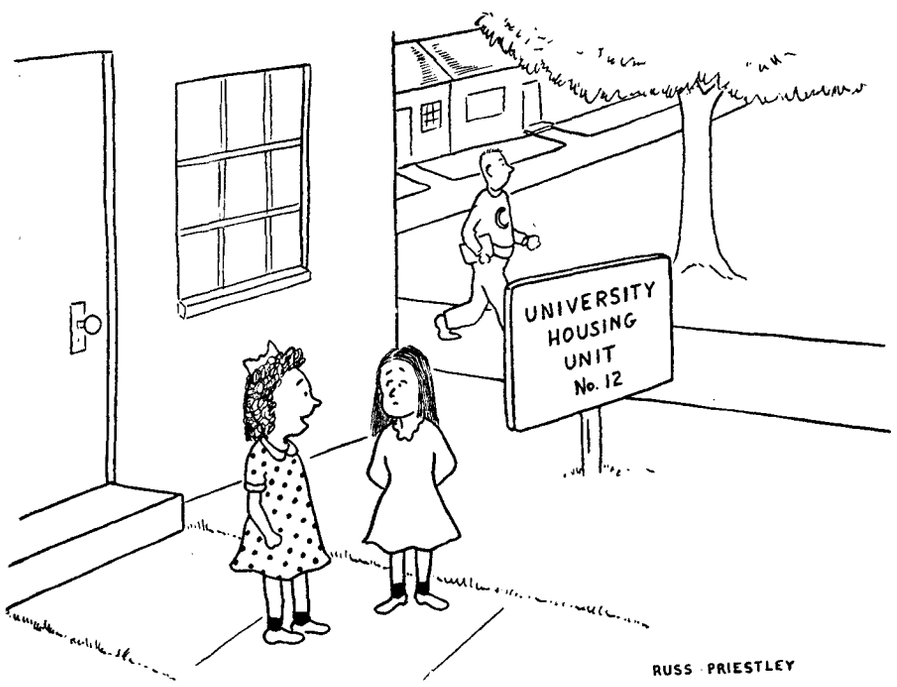
One technique was to ask the patient to close his eyes, take some familiar symbol such as the figure 1, mentally imagine it placed close to him, then further away, then very far away. I cannot say *why* such an exercise should have any effect on the brain rhythm. I can only state that Vittoz found that *it did,* and that by checking the actual effect he was able to develop further treatment.

A quite different type of exercise was what Vittoz called the "conscious act." It is very similar to a technique used in one school for teaching actors and perhaps it can be most easily illustrated from that view.

The Conscious Act

When you determine to rise from a chair, you make a conscious decision. The act of rising itself is likely to be unconscious; but it need not be. It is possible to be *conscious* of every muscle and nerve involved in the movement. It requires a little teaching, but it can be learned. When done that way, it can be called a "conscious act."

Now if you were to try rising from a chair on a stage, and were to get an honest person to tell you just how graceless you looked to an audience when you did it, you would be amazed. But after you have learned to do it as a "conscious act," it suddenly ceases to be a graceless act. Thereafter you can quickly learn to do it gracefully without being conscious of each movement. Something strange happens to the brain, or the personality,—the uni-



"My name is Susie Thatcher. I'm a transfer from Siwash University."

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fied self. Vittoz was aware of this and he developed the conscious act as an exercise for patients—particularly ones suffering from depression or anxiety.

Apparently it had an almost magical effect in cutting down, or even eliminating, the depression. The mere doing of one, or several, conscious acts (some patients did sixty in a minute) corrected the brain rhythm sufficiently to enable the patient to forget his conflicts completely, at least for a while.

However, these techniques are difficult to describe, and, so far as I know, Vittoz never set out his theories as to *why* they worked. The important point is that through his "brain cardiograph" Vittoz took such treatment out of the realm of the supernatural into the scientific world.

Science Versus Faith

Throughout recorded history, mankind has sought techniques to relieve psychical illness. Religion has offered prayer and the confessional. Ethics recommends philosophy and meditation. The common people have developed various old wives' prescriptions, sometimes as simple as the advice to scrub a floor to "get your mind off your troubles." From time to time unique individuals have appeared who were able to give solace by a variety of methods.

None of these methods has been able to produce a world of happy, healthy, cooperative people. Moreover, it is useless to complain that *if* people would only fear God properly, our troubles would lessen or cease. Since so many won't or can't, some further help for the situation must be sought. For the scientist, this requires data which enable one generation to build on the knowledge of its predecessors.

The lack of this is the main weakness of the methods described above. No one has any understandable conception of what happens to an individual in meditation. Still more bewildering, any such technique seems to fail utterly with some people, no matter how helpful to others. As to the faith healers, they seem unable to transmit their abilities to even their most devoted disciples.

The discovery of the brain rhythm and the "brain cardiograph" interjects an entirely new possibility. For the first time it becomes possible to have some gauge of the effects of psychical treatment, and, since any competent person can handle a machine, to record sufficient data to build up a method of treatment not dependent on one man's unique personality. Hope opens up, therefore, that at last man may be able to teach preventive psychical techniques.

All progressive-minded psychiatrists today agree that preventive techniques are needed. There is, I think, some confusion, however, as to the meaning of the word "preventive."

A competent preventive, in the physical field, is an inoculation that forever frees the patient from danger of contracting some specific disease. I do not believe that any *psychical* inoculation will ever be found that frees a person from the development of any neurosis. The most we can hope for is the type of preventive which enables a man or woman to forestall the worst possible effects of illness.

If you were to cut your finger with a rusty knife and did nothing about it, you would stand a fair chance of serious, even fatal, effects. Nobody has developed a means of preventing people from cutting their fingers, but the knowledge that you wash out the wound and tie it up with clean cloth, prevents cut fingers from being a serious danger. No one is going to discover a way to prevent people from developing high tension. We *can* find a way to equip them with techniques that will forestall the worst effects of such tension.

This will not produce Utopia. However, it would seem that today survival, not Utopia, is the immediate goal of Western civilization. It has been pointed out time and again that we are in the midst of the grimmest race of history. The physicists have discovered the means of universal destruction. Can we discover enough about ourselves to control our aggressions before they drive us to hurl the lethal weapons at each other?

Most people take a defeatist view of the matter. They assume, without question, that our progress in learning about man is infinitesimal. Great charitable foundations, dedicated to the search for world peace, still frustratedly seek to avoid the causes of war by methods proven to be of dubious value, hardly casting an eye toward the men and women who are exploring the basic causes. Perhaps if we were to look around more carefully we should find that we have learned more than we think. Dr. Roger Vittoz was surely not unique. There must exist today plenty of men and women who could not only apply his methods, but could improve them. *Indeed, there probably exist men and women who have already improved them.* Let us hope they are given a fair chance.

Problem and Example

By Burnham Eaton

LET those who make the laws make one law more
And follow it, for their sake and for all—
That sometimes they shall walk along a shore
Or in a grove or by a waterfall

Or on some hillside where the wind is clean,
The earth untroubled. Let each walk alone
And give a hearing to the laws unseen
But written clear in every cloud and stone:

The grant, in spite of eminent domain,
Of space for squirrel-cache by sovereign tree;
The uncontested prior rights of rain,
The goods of sunlight tax- and tariff-free;

The contract that the moon makes with the tides,
The tides make with a saltmarsh or a dune
And keep. No witnessed signature decides
Joint ownership between the earth and moon.

Then—maybe—skeptic men could celebrate
Through laws, the law; through rectitude, the right . . .
It's not one whit too soon. Is it too late?
Not quite . . . Not quite.

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Seeing Things

PEOPLE VERSUS CHARACTERS

WALT WHITMAN stated it as simply as anyone can or has. "Do I contradict myself?" asked he. "Very well, then I contradict myself. I contain multitudes." We all do. None of us is one person; all of us are many people. The older we grow, the more those other, often unsuspected, people in us surprise us by suddenly asserting themselves.

Among the virtues of "Summer and Smoke" * is that in it Tennessee Williams has endeavored to write about a man and a woman who are as divided, if not multiple, in their natures as most of us know ourselves to be. For a dramatist this is neither a common undertaking nor an easy one.

This lack of complexity is one of the theatre's conventions, born no doubt of need as conventions usually are. It is one of its losses, too, since only the greater dramatists have been able to triumph over it. Most playwrights leave the hidden recesses of character unexplored. They find themselves so hurried that, figuratively speaking, instead of having the time to write letters they send telegrams. Their dialogue is content to serve as an echo to appearances. It speaks for the outer, not the inner, man. The subconscious mind, which the novelist is free to probe, is as a rule unventilated.

Conspicuous among the moderns who have been dissatisfied with functioning as an externalist is Eugene O'Neill. I could not help thinking of him as, in the presence of "Summer and Smoke," I realized the extent to which Mr. Williams was attempting to make, in his own way, a protest and an experiment Mr. O'Neill had often made in his different manner. Again and again, and no matter how unsuccessfully, Mr. O'Neill has tried to rise above the theatre's limitations. He has wanted to let us see beneath the surface of his characters, and has sought to represent them as being as torn and complicated within themselves as they would be in life.

In "Strange Interlude" he tried to do this by means of a return to the aside and the soliloquy. He allowed us to overhear the thoughts no less than the words of Nina and her three men. In other plays, such as "The Great God Brown" and "Days Without End," he resorted to nomenclature or masks (or both) to indicate the tugs and contradictions from which his characters suffered. Laudable as was the aim, the results were sometimes absurd. To symbolize how split was Brown's personality between pagan and Christian impulses by naming him Dion Anthony, in honor of Dionysus and Saint Anthony, was to get off to a bad start. As someone pointed out at the time, Mr. O'Neill's Brown might just as well have been named after Dion Boucicault and Mark Antony.

In "Days Without End" Mr. O'Neill was again victimized by his high intentions. His central figure in this instance had a bad side no less than a good side. To establish this dual personality, John Loving was divided into two characters, *John* and *Loving*, and played by two actors. John was the good man, and Loving, who stood behind him wearing a mask, the evil one. Throughout the entire evening these Souldust Twins waged a ridiculous war with one another as a means of conveying a sense of interior conflict. No matter how noble the experiment was, by reducing a man to two men and only two men, it was guilty of an untruth from which it never recovered. Instead of being the contradictory multitudes mentioned by Walt Whitman, John Loving was emotionally no more than a split infinitive. Dramatically, this proved not only bad grammar but worse psychology.

In "Summer and Smoke" Tennessee Williams is motivated by the same commendable impulse to transcend the realistic theatre's usual restrictions and omissions. He, too, does not choose to have his characters remain static. He, too, would have us understand the clashes within as well as between their dissimilar temperaments. And, in his attempt to do this, he, too, is driven, with unfortunate results, to rely upon over-easy outward symbols to denote interior struggles.

"Summer and Smoke" is really an allegory of good and evil. It is the old, old story of the flesh and the spirit

Margaret Phillips and Tod Andrews . . . "a passion over which ultimately she has no control."

at war. Its major concerns are a man and a woman who have known each other since their childhood in a small Mississippi town. He is a doctor who is ruining his promising future. When we first meet him, he is a weakling, a drunkard, a bounder. She is a music teacher, the idealistic and priggish daughter of a minister and a mother whose mind has become addled. The two young people are strongly drawn to one another but each responds differently to this attraction. Although she brings out the good side which has been submerged in him, he arouses a passion in her over which ultimately she has no control. When she has at last convinced herself that she must give herself to him, it is too late. Not only have his mood and character altered; he is about to marry one of her pupils. Accordingly she wanders off to pick up a traveling salesman and take him to the very gambling joint, with rooms upstairs, at which in the days of her idealism she had once repulsed the young doctor.

ALTHOUGH Mr. Williams seeks honestly to expose the full intricacy of his characters, he fails. He fails as Mr. O'Neill failed before him, and for much the same reasons. He fails because he, too, is unable to make his words do what he wants them to do. Sensing the inadequacy of his dialogue, he resorts in Mr. O'Neill's fashion to outward symbols for inner conflicts. The result is a simplification so elementary that often it comes close to being laughable.

To illustrate the struggle between body and soul taking place within his people, Mr. Williams falls back on the statue of a praying angel (lighted from time to time in the public square, center stage, to indicate—guess what?) and a huge anatomical chart

SUMMER AND SMOKE, a play by Tennessee Williams. Presented and directed by Margo Jones. Settings by Jo Mielziner. Costumes by Rose Bogdanoff. Original music by Paul Bowles. With a cast including Margaret Phillips, Tod Andrews, Arlene McQuade, Donald Hastings, Raymond Van Sickle, Marga Ann Deighton, Ralph Theadore, Monica Boyar, Betty Greene Little, Sid Cassel, etc. At the Music Box. Opened October 6, 1948.

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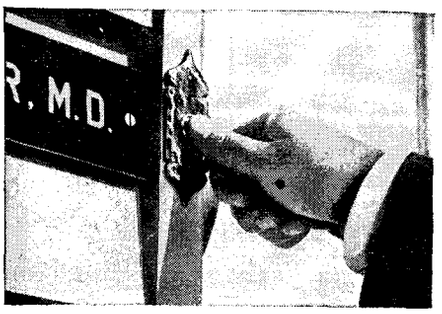
(hung in the doctor's office, stage right, and also lighted from time to time, to indicate—guess what?). Because of such childish shenanigans, a supposedly adult drama, taking advantage of Freud, turns out intellectually to be on a par with a Sunday-school basement pageant. Moreover, it is just about as hard for grown-ups to take seriously.

This does not mean that, either as written or produced, "Summer and Smoke" is without interest. Mr. Williams's play is an early one, retrieved now from his trunk because of the sensational success of both "The Glass Menagerie" and "A Streetcar Named Desire." Painfully repetitious as it is, and even downright dull as it sometimes proves, it contains its hints of the dramatist Mr. Williams was to become. It is a prophecy, not a fulfilment. It lacks the shadowy depths of "The Glass Menagerie" and the driving power of "Streetcar."

Even so, it has its moments of magic. It is the work of a poet. It could have been written only by a man who feels with uncommon intensity, who knows how to create mood, and is perceptively aware of the anguishes of frustration. Although its weaknesses are many, in the theatre these are often hidden not only because of the manifest affection with which Margo Jones has directed it and the eerie enchantment of one of Jo Mielziner's most imaginative and contributive settings, but because of the admirable skill with which Margaret Phillips and Tod Andrews play its luckless lovers.

Among the tantalizing features of Mr. Williams's work so far is the way in which he seems to be repeating himself without actually doing so. Genuine and welcome as are his gifts, it cannot be denied that in certain respects he is a Johnny-One-Note. If "Streetcar" was an extension, stronger and richer, of "The Glass Menagerie," "Summer and Smoke" comes as a tardy preparation for both of these scripts. There is a sameness of mood. There is the identical sense of Southern nostalgia. Music is once again employed (this proves to be an exhausted mannerism) to underwrite the heroine's thoughts. And symptomatically enough, Alma in "Summer and Smoke" often suggests a first pale sketch of the woman who, after she had turned prostitute, became Blanche Du Bois in "A Streetcar Named Desire."

The major trouble with "Summer and Smoke," quite aside from its habit of talking, talking, talking, only to repeat itself, is that it fails most where it needs and means most to succeed. Its bad man may become good and its good girl bad, but the true



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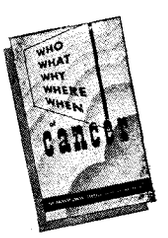

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complexities of their altering natures are not revealed. Alma and the young doctor remain to the end figures in an allegory, given proper names. In spite of these names and the many details used to particularize them, they do not come through as individuals. They continue to be somewhat incredible symbols. As such, they are as simple as the kneeling angel and the anatomical chart embodying the struggles between the spirit and the flesh which they are supposed to represent.

Although during the evening Alma and the young doctor may lose virtue or gain it, one thing is certain. Both of them are victimized less by life than they are by the theatre. The two characters contradict each other, but they are not contradictory within themselves in the real, everyday sense Whitman described. When he wrote "Summer and Smoke," Mr. Williams's intentions were honorable and praiseworthy. They led him head-on, however, into a problem all dramatists are conscious of, most are willing to avoid, and only the best have solved. To have the hardihood to want to tackle this problem is something. It is an indication that Mr. Williams is not an average playwright. The pity is that, in the case of "Summer and Smoke," such courage is not enough.

—JOHN MASON BROWN.

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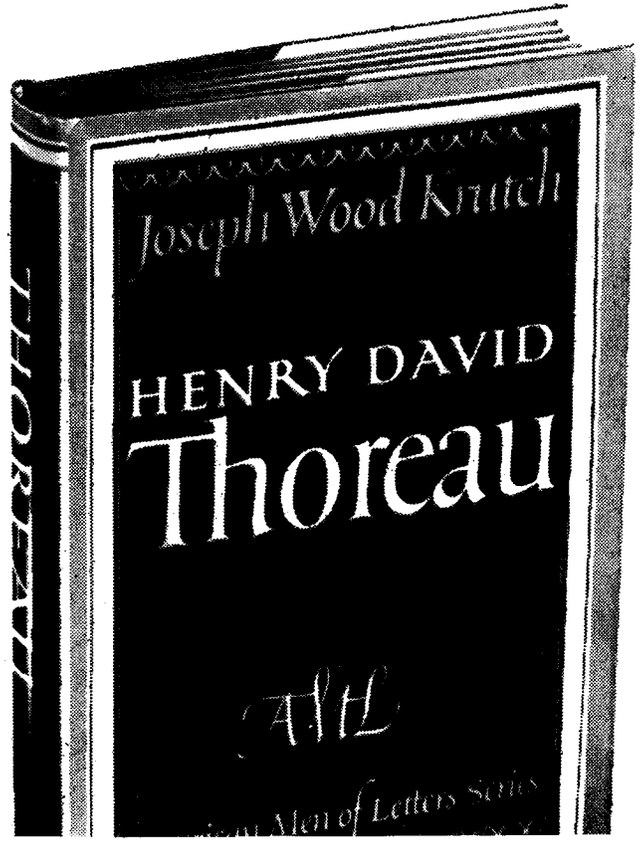

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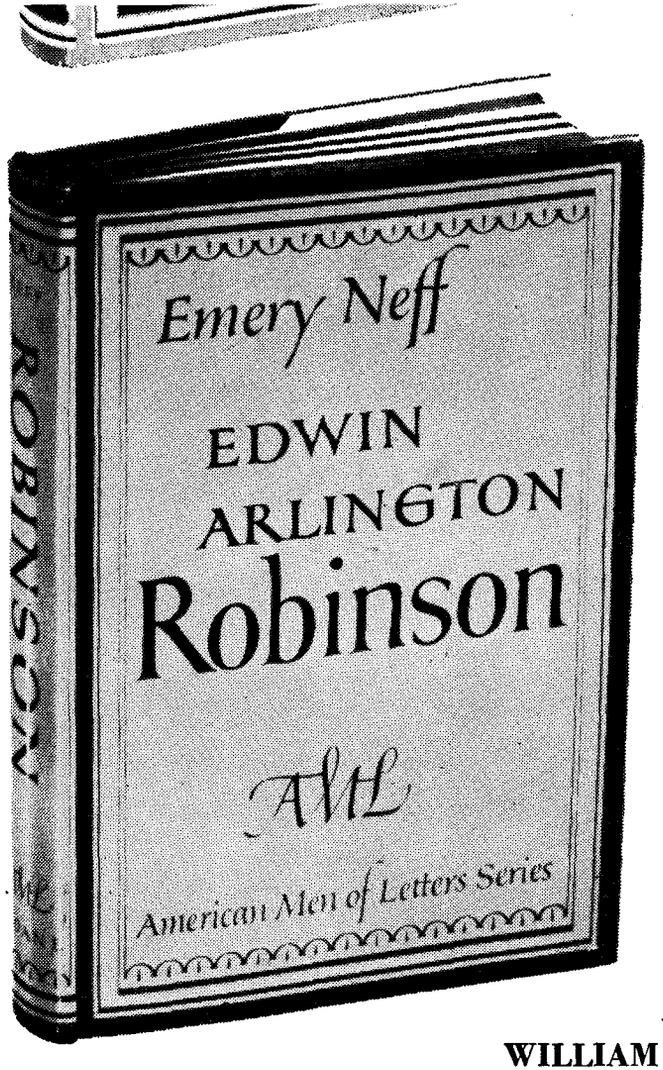

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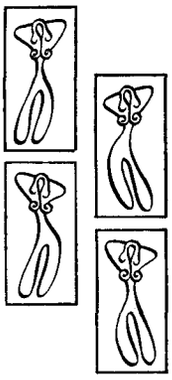

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IN COLD BLOOD *George Bagby* (Crime Club: $2)	Dress shop proprietor shot outside Manhattan nitery. Others succumb before Inspector Schmidt finds right answer.	After current rash of psycho stuff and "suspense" phonies it's real relief to read good, actionful, straightforward detective tale.	Worth while
SCREEN FOR MURDER *E. C. R. Lorac* (Crime Club: $2)	"Cos-hing" of complete bounder at exclusive restaurant in London involves various explorers and Inspector Macdonald.	Trials of sundry adventurous writers given thorough airing and caddish killer finally caught—but who cares?	Expertly dull
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LIKE Chatterton, his prototype and peer,
Throughout his years a stranger to renown,
With none to chronicle that brief career
Till Milnes crowned the work commenced by Brown—
Keats, from an alien grave remote in Rome,
(His mortal self immortally imbued)
Across the miles dividing him from home
Lets fall "the shadow of a magnitude."

And Hunt and loyal Severn, Reynolds, too;
Mathew and Clarke (and she, his dearest need,
In spite of coquetries and vain conceits)—
Amid indifference, these eager few
Were proud in 1848 to read
Lord Houghton's "Life and Letters of John Keats."

*Letter from Richard Monckton Milnes to Varnhagen von Ense.

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MIRROR OF THE GERMAN SOUL

(*Continued from page 13*)

is reflected in a second mirror and it is the man of moderation and brotherly love who emerges, the "good German" who resigned his position under the Nazis and lived a quiet life of honorable retirement, true to his ideals of human life and decency. Zeitblom, an ironically reduced self-portrait of Mann, is neither particularly brilliant nor especially courageous. He is not one to tempt the gods like his doomed friend, but he manages to get along in life—which Leverkuehn does not. He is Germany's conscience and better ego.

The artistic trick of splitting the German symbol into two provides Thomas Mann with a superb opportunity to vary and contrast his main theme, and thus to focus the problem more sharply. Who, for instance, would not think of Goethe's "two souls" in one's breast? Or one recalls Mann's Washington speech in 1945, when he said: ". . . there are not two Germanys, a bad one and a good one, but only one whose good qualities turned bad through the help of the devil." The chief gain of introducing a biographer, however, is the chance to parallel symbolically Leverkuehn's individual record of sickness with Germany's collective fate. The devil "gets" him and he loses his mind in 1930—the same year, significantly and ironically, in which Mann made his famous but unsuccessful "Appeal to Reason" in Berlin, the year when the Nazi tide

Adrian Leverkuehn, protagonist in "Doctor Faustus."

began dangerously to rise. Zeitblom writes his biography from 1943 until 1945. When he starts he is still using Goebbel's terminology and refers to "the fortress Europe," but when he finishes, Germany, too, is finished. Leverkuehn's doom coincides with Germany's Goetterdaemmerung. The parallel has become complete.

The world has in vain waited for a responsible testimony or an honest appraisal of the German character to come from the sick patient himself. It is as if Thomas Mann, who has upheld the German name abroad during the years of shame, had decided to come once again to the spiritual rescue of his home country. Deliberately fashioned in the style of a German author writing inside Germany during the years of the Hitler regime, "Doctor Faustus" is a mirror of the German soul. The legend of Faust, the spirit of music, the disease of romanticism, the resonance of Nietzsche—out of these components Thomas Mann has created a valid symbol of Germany in our time, a Germany whose tragic fault has always been an unholy preponderance of esthetic values over the moral world.

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A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 280 will be found in the next issue.

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NTLEAN DMN ODNM

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SOUTHERN COMFORT

DOWN in the shufflin' Southland this time of year, they are just getting around to having the kind of weather New England enjoys in late August. If things go along same as usual in 1948, and there appears to be no cosmic reason why they shouldn't, the mid-South resorts of Pinehurst and Southern Pines will register an average mean temperature of fifty-one degrees all during November.

Should you happen remorsefully to have given up New England until next June you might indeed get in a few extra, if unlooked-for, licks down at Pinehurst, N. C., which, besides the weather, looks like an old-fashioned, albeit displaced, New England village. Pinehurst has five hotels. The Carolina and the Holly Inn are operated by Pinehurst, Inc., and the Berkshire, the Manor, and the Pinecrest are independent. The largest, most expensive, most Bostonian, most English of the lot is the Carolina, which gets a minimum of $22 a day, American plan, for two. During the autumn season everybody dresses mighty all-fired tweedy. Wednesday and Saturday evenings formal dress at the Carolina is indicated but optional. During March and April it is optional but *de rigeur*, suh. The other hotels are informal.

Pinehurst has three golf courses named, with a certain defiance of imagination, No. 1, No. 2, and No. 3. There are, in addition, two eighteen-hole putting courses and a practice ground known quaintly as "Maniac Hill." Autumn is also the horsey season in the mid-South, and the Pinehurst hotels arrange hunt breakfasts, and all-day horseback rides, in preparation for which a kitchen staff is dispatched to some woodsy midday rendezvous.

If you would just as well sit on the porch and breathe, Pinehurst has some of the finest breathing air in these parts—salty, tangy, dry, and fresh. The whole place is built on the Carolina sandhills, an area once covered by an ocean that receded two million years ago. The salty, tangy, dry, fresh sea-air effect still lingers like an incredibly lasting perfume. The sandy soil permits the athletic fields to dry off quickly after a rain, and, what is more, acts as a filter on the local water supply. No other resort can make that statement.

The sportin' life over at Southern Pines, spang on Route 1, six miles from Pinehurst, is pretty much the same. A weekly schedule of horse shows begins November 1, and there is hunting on the local grounds for quail, turkey, and deer. Golf is the main reason for exercise, however, there being no less than eight courses within the surrounding five miles. Of Southern Pines's nine hotels the biggest is the Highland Pine Inn, a few blocks away from the center of things in Weymouth Heights. During the current season it operates on a modified American plan—room, breakfast, and dinner—with rates running from $6.50 to $9.50 per person. If you are passing through on your way to Florida, Southern Pines Cottages, one mile south on Route 1, are modern, nicely furnished, and recommended by the AAA.

The mid-South, if you measure from the Pinehurst-Southern Pines area, is about 570 miles south of New York, 330 miles from Washington, 550 miles southeast of Cincinnati, 425 miles north of Jacksonville, and 120 miles west of the sea. The Seaboard Airline Railway services both resorts from the north, the Norfolk & Western from the west. If you're driving, take Route 15 for Pinehurst, Route 1 for Southern Pines, the two main highways that lead south from Union territory. —HORACE SUTTON.

TRAVELERS' TALES

THE WORLD FROM JACKSON SQUARE. Edited by Etolia S. Basso. New York: Farrar, Straus. 1948. 405 *pp.* $4.50.

WELL we've had New Orleans every other way; now we have a New Orleans Reader, one of Farrar, Straus's City and Country Reader Series. What the book amounts to is a chronological anthology of New Orleans essays beginning with an early French memoir dated 1697 and ending with a piece by John Peale Bishop which originally appeared in *The New Yorker* in 1936. Sandwiched in between are missionaries, Mark Twain, Galsworthy, Dos Passos—anybody with a literate pen and an interesting tale about New Orleans.

In 1727 Sister Hachard, an Ursuline nun, was living in the city on bread made of "corn rather than wheat . . . buffalo, deer, turkeys . . . rice . . . and hominy . . . boiled with water and served with butter or gravy. The peo-

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ple of Louisiana find this very good." Mark Twain, in the city after the Civil War, finds the "war is what A.D. is elsewhere; they date from it." They also complain about it. A New Yorker commenting on the beautiful moon got the answer, "Bless yo' heart, honey, you ought to seen that moon befo' the waw!"

New Orleans as a jazz center is recorded, and there is also a rather apt sketch of the city as a breeding swamp for demagogic politicians ("The Boys in the Upstairs Room," by Hamilton Basso). There are a few other stories but that one, although written in 1930, seems to bring the town ironically up to date.

ISLES OF RHYTHM. By Earl Leaf. New York: A. S. Barnes Co. 1948. 211 *pp.* $5.

The author-photographer has produced nothing less than a remarkable set of photographs on native dances of the Caribbean Islands. He avoided—even where they were to be found—the big tourist pavilions, and daringly invaded the waterfront joints, the honky-tonks, the West Indian rum mills to record the local drum beats and undulations. The ten-page series of an orgiastic voodoo ceremony in Haiti, all made with flash, is worth the price of admission by itself. A commentary, often just as sensuous as the pictures, tells how he got his material, and yet escaped unscathed.

LANGUAGE THROUGH PICTURES. By George and Louise Pfeiffer. Garden City: Garden City Publishing Co. 1948. 276 *pp.* $2.50.

A short-cut to what the authors call a "living vocabulary" is the idea behind the more than 2,900 words and expressions listed in English, French, and Spanish besides simple sketches. More than adequate as a prompter for the traveler who has some knowledge of either French or Spanish, possibly a successful crutch for the tourist who has nothing of either language. For all the skill in classifying the material, it probably would take a smarter tourist than the writer to get by with just this book.

THE MAGIC LAND MEXICO. By Ralph Hancock. New York: Coward-McCann, Inc. 1948. 307 *pp.* $4.

This is about as complete a guidebook on Mexico as could be put into one volume — Mexico City alone deserves a book by itself. There is information on everything from tourist cards to entrance requirements for commercial travelers; a whole chapter on automobile itineraries (most tourists apparently drive to Mexico these days); a long chapter on towns

Conjugation in the Caribbean

1—Ah Go Kissi Fissi

EDITOR'S NOTE: *For readers planning a Caribbean cruise, for readers staying at home and wishing they were taking a Caribbean cruise, and for those who must await the demise of a rich uncle or a call from "Stop the Music" before entertaining the thought,* SRL *offers a series on native languages of the West Indies and northern South America. The first article, on talkee-talkee, will be followed by Papiamento in an early issue.*

—From "Africa, I Presume?"

OF the three million African Negroes who ended up in the Caribbean area as slaves, there were a few indomitable black men who ran the risk of the death penalty to escape bondage. They chose the most inaccessible jungleland they could find in which to hide—the interior of Netherlands Guiana, now called Surinam. This tangled mass of tropical verdure conveniently held back the white man, which it continues, in a large part, to do to this day.

These refugees of the slave market took up in Surinam where they left off in Africa, still remote and esoteric in their ways, and independent and slightly scornful of civilization. They became known as Bush Negroes, or Djukas.

Today the Bush Negro comes out of the jungles long enough to trade his wares in the riverfront towns, and necessarily he has made one concession to civilization. He has developed a language to carry him through these bartering periods and whatever other brief association he may have with the white man. It is a pidgin language, half African and not unlike English baby talk, and it is called talkee-talkee. It belongs only to the Bush Negroes of Surinam, and it is rarely heard outside the boundaries of that country. The Bush speaks it with the broad open vowels characteristic of African tribal speech.

Although talkee-talkee has imported heavily from English, several other languages have also had an influence. The Bush has picked up scattered French from the convicts who have been released from the penal colony of Devil's Island just off the Guiana coast. The word *bon,* in its original meaning (good), is in general use, and it is even attempted with a certain amount of the proper nasalization.

Spanish has contributed *balata* (dancing song) and *camissa* (shirt). An occasional Hebrew term like *trafer* (taboo) has been picked up from migrant Jews from Brazil.

Though Surinam is a colony of the Netherlands, it is quite a paradox that Dutch has had almost no influence, perhaps because the Negro has never mastered guttural sounds. And through it all there are many words like *pekein* (small), the original African which somehow has hung on without change for better than three centuries.

Given some of the local idioms, talkee-talkee is quite intelligible to the white man, once he understands that there is no rule of grammatical construction. The nouns and verbs are inserted in a sentence wherever the Bush thinks that they will carry the most emphasis. Although not a written language, by use of arbitrary spellings, it is possible to show how closely the Djuka language resembles English baby talk:

English	**talkee-talkee**
country	condree
foot	futu
finger	fingra
mouth	muffo (or the Spanish boca)
boat	boto
water	watra

In sentence form talkee-talkee is slightly more complex: *Ah go kissi fissi* (I go to catch fish); *Tamara Ah so go honti* (Tomorrow I shall go hunting); *Pekein so, me sabby, matti* (I understand a little, friend); and, *You sabby talkee-talkee, masra?* (Do you understand talkee-talkee, master?).

The life of the Bush Negroes is very uncomplicated, hardly more than hunting, fishing, and small-scale agriculture of peanuts, maize, and yams. Every once in a while they turn loose their social life and rock the jungle night with the primitive, mystic *dansi-dansi.* They exhibit no yearning whatsoever to adapt themselves to civilization as the white man knows it, and it is still an unspeakable crime to wear a pair of shoes.

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outside Mexico City with important places to visit, hotels and local fiestas, and a chronological list of fiestas and holidays throughout the nation, which somewhat overlaps the previous one but which permits the prospective tourist to pick out festivities which will take place while he is visiting the country. If you're interested in baseball or bullfights, cockfights or cabarets, the section on "Mexican Recreations" will tell you all you need to know, and for the more serious-minded, there is also a section on archaeological sites which the author considers "excitingly mysterious." Most of the book is in a more sober, matter-of-fact vein, however.

OUR SUMMER WITH THE ESKIMOS. By Constance and Harmon Helmericks. Boston: Little, Brown. 1948. 239 *pp.* $3.50.

The Helmericks, the husband and wife team who wrote "We Live in the Arctic" and "We Live in Alaska," have written another story of their frostbitten explorations in the north country. This is no guide to the tourist's Alaska of Juneau and Skagway. The Helmericks's story begins at Hughes, north of Nome and Fairbanks and continues north of the Arctic Circle to Barrow and Beechey Point on the Arctic Ocean. Here, as you might suspect, they shoot polar bears, go ugrug hunting when they need soles for their boots, and run into Eskimos who like to mix their talk with an occasional *okiedoke.*

SOUTHERN EMPIRE: Brazil. By Bertita Harding. New York: Coward-McCann, Inc. 1948. 200 *pp.* $3.50.

The latest in Coward-McCann's Invitation to Travel Series is a straightforward traveler's guide to Brazil, perhaps a little thin on description and heavy on plain, unadorned listings. If I were a prospective traveler to Rio I would like to know more about the Casablanca night club than that it is "very chic," and more about the Farolito Dancas than that it is "popular." Travel facts written without humor go down rather drily, and if there is to be a criticism of Bertita Harding's otherwise capable compilation of Brazilian tourist information that's where the trouble lies.

The Film Forum

THE FOREIGN FILM

The Saturday Review's Weekly Guide to Selected 16mm. Sound Films.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Twenty years ago, with the coming of sound, the cinema ceased to be truly international. Since then it has been difficult—almost impossible outside the largest cities—to see the films of foreign countries. Today, however, enterprising distributors of foreign entertainment films are making many of them available in 16mm., realizing that their screening at clubs and other groups will increase their chance of wider acceptance in the theatres.*

If in your locality you can get thirty people or more who want to see one of these films, rental and express charges will cost you no more than a theatre ticket. Why not form a film society—in cooperation with your local film council, if you have one—for regular showings during this winter season? THE FILM FORUM *will review other outstanding films—American as well as foreign—available on 16mm., and will gladly furnish a more complete list on request. Many new titles will be added this fall.*

FRENCH

GENERALS WITHOUT BUTTONS

May be rented from Brandon Films, 1600 Broadway, New York 19, N. Y. (93 minutes.) $25.

Based on the Goncourt Prize novel "La Guerre des Boutons" by Pergaud. Two small French villages are separated by a bridge, but they share a church; a feud of long standing is brought to a head as one group prays for rain to aid their cabbages and the other prays for sunshine to ripen their grapes. The children take up the cudgels and declare war on one another. There is an unforgettable scene in which all the little boys, completely unclothed, battle it out as all the little girls stand on the sidelines cheering.

CARNIVAL IN FLANDERS

May be rented from Brandon Films. (Expurgated edition for use with young people available from International Film Bureau, 84 E. Randolph Street, Chicago 1, Ill.) (90 minutes.) $20-25.

When first released, "La Kermesse Heroique" was awarded the Grand Prix du Cinéma Français and the gold medal at Venice. It is a ribald, and at times unseemly, story of the predicament of an old Flemish town on the eve of a carnival as the Spanish Armada takes over. The men of Flanders hide as the women entertain the soldiers. The photography reminds one of Breughel and the plot of Boccaccio. It is an adult film. The shorter version lacks some of the sharp Gallic wit, but remains an excellent motion picture.

GRAND ILLUSION

May be rented from Film Program Services, 1173 Sixth Ave., New York 19, N. Y. (90 minutes.) $25.

Jean Gabin and Eric von Stroheim enact the tale of the futility of war and the need for the brotherhood of man. The time is World War I, the place a prison camp in Germany, but the message is timeless. Such a film makes us realize the potentialities which Hollywood has not realized.

ITALIAN

SHOE SHINE

May be rented from United World Films, 445 Park Ave., New York, N. Y. (88 minutes.) Rental varies; apply.

The aftermath of World War I in Italy saw the decline of one of the largest film industries; the reign of Mussolini saw the collapse of its cultural output. It is significant that the end of the Second World War and the removal of Italian Fascism has been the herald of a renaissance in motion-picture activity. "Open City," "To Live in Peace" (*SRL*, Jan. 1), and "Shoe Shine" have had an impact on film which has been exhilarating. "Shoe Shine" is now available on 16mm. It is the story of postwar Italy and the problems of reconstruction as seen through the eyes of two young boys driven to tragedy by a world which has lost its conscience. An Academy Award winner.

RUSSIAN

THE NEW GULLIVER

May be rented from Contemporary Films, 80 Fifth Ave., New York 11, N. Y. (73 minutes.) $25.

The Russian cinema has long followed Lenin's admonition that the theatre is a weapon in the class struggle, but many of their films have achieved a degree of merit independent of the propaganda. "The New Gulliver" is one of these. It is a free adaptation of Jonathan Swift's classic in which the aristocrats abuse the proletariat. The satire is incisive and at times hilarious. The whole effect is made even more creditable by the use of the kind of puppets (3,000 of them) George Pal employs with much less wit.

STONE FLOWER

May be rented from Contemporary Films, 80 Fifth Ave., New York 11, N. Y. (85 minutes.) Rental varies; apply.

At the International Film Festival held in Cannes, France, "Stone Flower" was awarded first prize for color. It is a process used exclusively in the Soviet Union, and in many ways is superior to Technicolor, Cinecolor, or Kodachrome. "Stone Flower" is a simple folk tale handled with all the grandeur and flourish of a Wagnerian opera; it is a beautiful film, and an interesting example of the later Russian ideology.

YIDDISH

DER DYBBUK

May be rented from Contemporary Films, 80 Fifth Ave., New York 11, N. Y.

Last season Theatre, Incorporated brought over the Habimah Players from Palestine and the most popular play in their repertoire was "Der Dybbuk." Ansky's dramatization of an ancient Jewish story is a masterpiece of Yiddish literature, and the screen version is equally important in its field.

—A. BERTRAND CHANNON.

For information about the purchase or rental of any films, please write to Film Department, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

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the Phoenix Nest

ABSURDITY

IF you remember our old ecstasy,
Rocking away the last hours in your chair,
Then I still feel your fingers in my hair.
I never left you for infinity.
My neat grey cubicle was tenderly
And deftly dropped to darkness from the air.
I heard a weeping that I could not bear.
But we were only dreaming, weren't we?
When I awoke, shut in this heavy case,
I wondered if a switch could give it light.
There is no darkness like it any place.
I hope you never wake in such a night.
But I lay helpless—hands and eyes were bound.
It seems absurd that death is so renowned.

GEORGE BOSS.

* * *

The recent death of Jessie B. Rittenhouse (Sept. 28, 1948) shocked and saddened the faculty at Rollins College, Winter Park, Fla. Last year she had made a gift to the college of her extensive library, a collection of books and letters to be kept together as the Jessie B. Rittenhouse Poetry Collection, which should be of great value to students of poetry throughout the United States. The poets of this country owe a debt to Miss Rittenhouse (Mrs. Clinton Scollard) for her early anthologies and her book on "The Younger American Poets" written at the turn of the century. She played a principal role in founding the Poetry Society of America and served as its secretary for ten years. From 1905 to 1915 she was associated with *The New York Times Book Review*, and for several years she was poetry consultant for the Macmillan Company. She was lately president of the Poetry Society of Florida. There are rare items in her collection of inscribed books and letters from Edna St. Vincent Millay, Vachel Lindsay, Edgar Lee Masters, Elinor Wylie, T. S. Eliot, Edwin Arlington Robinson, Edwin Markham, Amy Lowell, Lizette Woodworth Reese, Louise Imogene Guiney, John Masefield, and many others. The letters number about twelve hundred in all, with eighty-eight from the late Sara Teasdale and a rare group from Miss Guiney. There is one of especial significance from Robert Frost explaining why he went to England, and for Miss Rittenhouse he annotated a printer's copy of "A Boy's Will." This writer remembers Miss Rittenhouse with respect and affection, and American poetry is the poorer for her passing.

* * *

Another recent death which will mean something to admirers of Alfred Ollivant's immortal "Redcoat Captain" (1907) has been of its illustrator, W. Graham Robertson, who also illuminated Chesterton's "Napoleon of Notting Hill." Painter and poet, influenced by the pre-Raphaelite tradition, his friends included Ellen Terry, Sara Bernhardt, Burne-Jones, Ada Rehan, and Henry James. He exhibited at the Royal Academy and other notable exhibitions, and was an artist who could also write.

* * *

PEDAGOGUE

The wizened little man with narrow view
Goes back and forth across the gray terrain.
With pace as steady as the Wandering Jew
He wears his deepening path across my brain.
His course is not direct from here to there
But follows a strange pattern old as ants;
Instinctively each foot is placed with care.
The noise assumes a greater resonance:
The clanging mower blades within my skull,
Pushed by the narrow, wizened little man
Who plays so desperately his chosen role;
Determined to complete the job begun.
He cuts and trims as fast as they are seen
The last subconscious sprigs of hopeful green.

HOWARD M. FITCH.

* * *

The Goethe Prize of ten thousand marks, awarded every other year by the city of Frankfurt-on-Main to that German who by his work has done most for democracy and international understanding, has recently been given to Fritz von Unruh, who has lived in the United States since the war. His most recent work, published here, is a novel called "The End Is Not Yet," dealing with Hitler and his gang. The prize was given with great ceremony in the ancient church of Saint Paul, where all the Kaisers were crowned.

* * *

ATOM INSECT

Creeping into the light of day
and eaten of the fruit,
the insect, having had his way,
is trampled by the boot.

Insect and human, tasting such
ripe knowledge, now have found
that feeler and bright wing are much
safer under ground.

MARGUERITE JANVRIN ADAMS.

* * *

Earle F. Walbridge reminds me that the late Israel Zangwill, when asked on a certain occasion to support some cause or other, replied in rhyme:

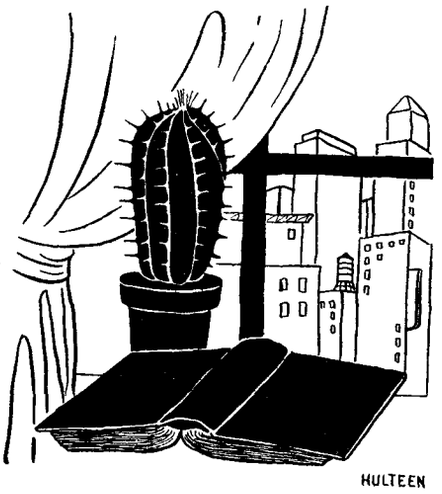
If A. Lang will
I. Zangwill.

* * *

I credit Earle also with the following discoveries: A new "whodunit" is called "Sinister Street." Shades of Compton Mackenzie! James Sandoe's excellent new anthology "Murder: Plain and Fanciful" was anticipated as to title by Garland Lord's "Murder Plain and Fancy" (Doubleday, 1943). Julius Fast's "Out of This World" was appropriated (probably in all innocence) by Sylvan M. Shane (Creative Age, 1948).

* * *

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.



HULTEEN

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 761)

JOHN MASON BROWN: **CHARLES LAMB*

To read him on virtually any subject is to read about him. Yet self-centered in the ordinary sense, Lamb was not. . . . Although the first person singular was a favorite pronoun, as he used it, it somehow managed to seem printed with a small "i."

**The Saturday Review of Literature*, July 14, '48; part of an introduction to the Portable Library "Charles Lamb," to be published by Viking Press.

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 762

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

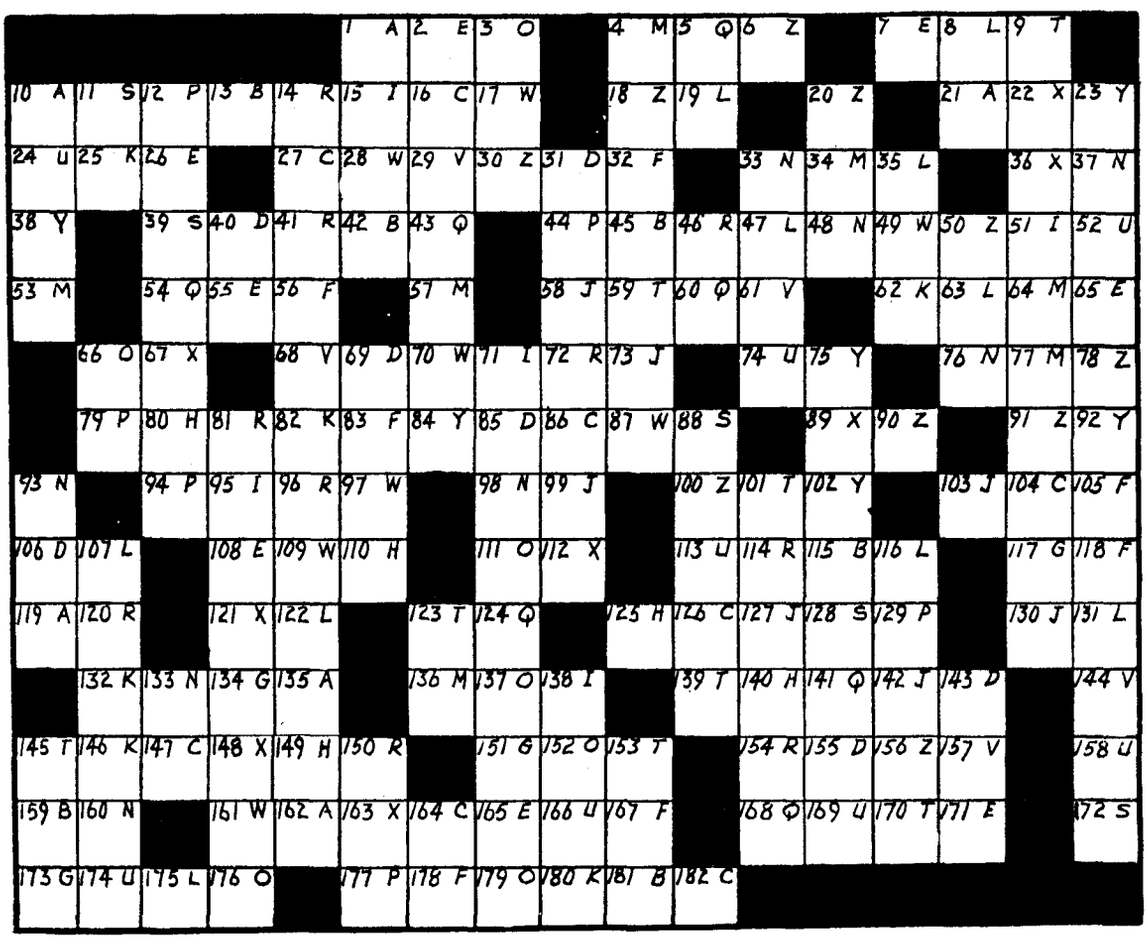
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Damp, soft, sticky, and usually cool.	10 21 162 1 119 135
B. A place for social gatherings, as a banquet hall (Gr. antiq.).	13 115 42 181 45 159
C. A plume or tuft of feathers, gems, or the like for the head.	104 86 27 126 16 164 182 147
D. Name of two characters in "A Tale of Two Cities."	40 69 155 106 85 31 143
E. English critic, essayist, caricaturist (1872-).	7 65 2 26 108 55 165 171
F. American artist and writer associated with *The New Yorker* (1894-).	105 32 118 56 178 83 167
G. The Egyptian cobra.	173 151 117 134
H. Any of various herons having pure-white plumage, etc.	80 125 140 149 110
I. That "gate" of the abode of Sleep through which dreams come (class. myth.).	71 51 95 15 138
J. Abundant crested plover of Europe, Asia, N. Africa, of slow, irregular flapping and wailing cry.	58 127 142 103 130 99 73
K. A rescript replying to a magistrate (Roman and civil law).	82 25 62 132 180 146
L. Various English "Acts" in connection with the use of "The Book of Common Prayer" (esp. 1549, 1559, 1662, 1872).	8 122 175 19 35 107 47 63 131 116
M. One of David's men who risked his life to bring David water from Bethlehem (Bib.).	53 77 57 136 64 4 34

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Prolific American historian, editor, librarian (1853-1913; "Early Western Travels," 32 vols., etc.).	76 133 33 37 98 160 93 48
O. Volcano, 12,382 ft. high, on Lombok Ist., Dutch East Indies.	176 66 3 179 137 152 111
P. Weight; consequence; significance.	12 94 129 177 79 44
Q. For sale (2 wds.).	124 60 141 54 168 43 5
R. Not expected (comp.).	41 72 114 96 120 46 14 81 154 150
S. A quart or pot of drink (slang).	128 11 39 88 172
T. A kind of violet; also an early English Gothic ornament (arch.).	153 59 139 9 170 145 123 101
U. The red squirrel.	174 24 158 166 74 113 52 169
V. Beclouded; obscure; muddled.	144 29 68 61 157
W. Not congealed.	109 17 161 28 87 70 49 97
X. Boat shaped.	67 22 148 121 112 89 163 36
Y. Flintlike in hardness.	84 92 102 23 75 38
Z. Story by T. S. Stribling, dramatized as "Rope" in 1928.	100 78 6 90 91 20 156 50 18 30

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the DEFINITIONS each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 41 of this issue.

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IMPRESSIONS

THE SUBJECT with which Edward Tatnall Canby treats in his department this month (see page 60) is of vital concern to every phonograph owner and record buyer—standardization of the speed and characteristics of long playing records.

It is not our contention that the Microgroove is without improvement, that its adoption by the rest of the industry should be obligatory and automatic. But it is our contention that, until it has been demonstrably established that something else *is* an improvement, a spirit of reasonableness and broad viewpoint should prevail in the industry. To introduce other devices calling for additional gadgets would convict the late-comers of the same narrow selfishness that wrecked the reproducing piano business.

Certainly it is not too much to ask a fundamental agreement on 33 1/3 revolutions as the inflexible alternative to 78 revolutions per minute. Some gossip that has come to our ears describes the imminent appearance, from one of the large companies, of a disc (not microgrooved) which would revolve at a speed in the 40's. Unless it is the Bourbonish purpose of this manufacturer to ignore the lessons of the past, there can be no defense of such a departure from one standard which *does* exist in several other industries.

We cannot deny that a performance by Arturo Toscanini of the Beethoven Ninth on any kind of continuous substance—be it tape, a long playing disc, or a cylinder the length of a bazooka—would be a mighty argument for the purchase of the necessary equipment. But it is possible, in fact almost certain, that the reward in good will for the manufacturer making such a thing available on records interchangeable on all equipment of the new type would much exceed the selfish pleasure that a battle of annihilation would give to a Pyrrhic victor.

—IRVING KOLODIN, EDITOR,
SRL RECORDINGS.

NOVEMBER 1948

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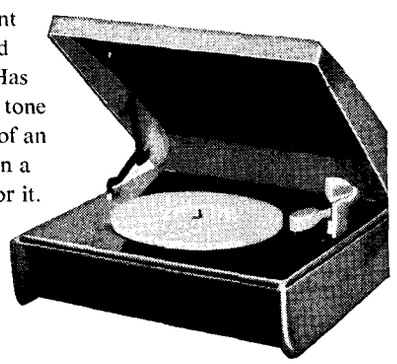

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Beethoven with Pink Clouds

DAVID S. SAVLER

THE LONG-AWAITED arrival of such scientific miracles as long playing records and versions of the Franck symphony on a single spool of wire or tape marks a substantial step forward for the phonograph and for its devotees. But it is a progress not without some sacrifice. What is to become of album cover art? Severity has already been established as the pattern of design for the LP record containers, and it is hardly possible to ask an artist to decorate a wire spool —unless he has gone through a long apprenticeship of engraving the "Gettysburg Address" on the head of a pin.

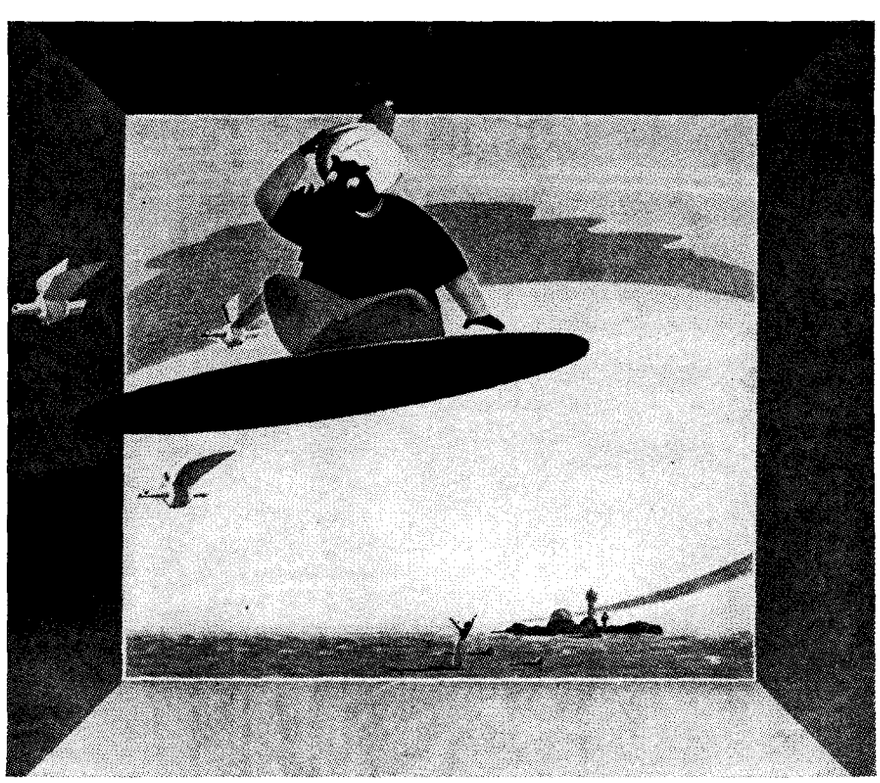
But in this transitional period, when albums still predominate in the shops, and the last twilight glow casts a kindly light on the whole subject, the devotee of album cover art may experience that faint nostalgia which is the beginning of the historic sense. He must realize that the richest period of this manifestation is behind us, that the pictorial representation of music on the covers of record albums was an art genre which reached its apex in the decade from 1935 to 1945, and that it must of necessity decline.

In the early Thirties, record albums had plain but substantial bindings; as derivatives of European models—which were first seen in this country c. 1925—they ventured hardly at all from the classic examples. But the resurgence of Columbia after 1936 or so, with fresh ideas of merchandising, initiated the new era. If you must, you can dismiss album cover art as mere packaging, vulgar packaging, beneath the dignity of the music it contains. But a more tolerant approach to the album cover is rewarding. Rachmaninoff's "Isle of the Dead," Moussorgsky's "Pictures at an Exhibition," and Hindemith's "Matthias the Painter" are music inspired by pictures; album cover art is mainly pictures inspired by music. Only a stuffy purist could object.

As a layman and a confirmed non-purist, I am concerned not so much with the composition or the whatnot of this genre as with the musical ideas the artist is trying to represent. Take an example from my own modest collection. I have an album of Beethoven's Ninth (Columbia album 591), on the cover of which, against a background of pink clouds, there is a brown-walled room in which a stubby Beethoven sits composing at the piano by an open window, behind which is a yellow sunburst. The orange outer edges of this sunburst appear from behind the brown walls to blend with the pink-cloud background. This cover is signed Steinweiss, who does most of Columbia's covers and is apparently a name to reckon with in this field.

The collector's-item value of this piece lies in the fact that it was purchased late in 1945 and since then Columbia has issued the same recording with a new cover design involving a globe and four giant hands, suggesting, of course, the *cosmic* in Beethoven. (I'll take up that sort of thing in just a minute.) Now if all you want is Beethoven's Ninth as done by Ormandy and the Philadelphia with the Westminster Choir, it won't make any difference which cover you get, but if it's Steinweiss you're collecting, Beethoven in a brown room with pink clouds is the earlier edition.

BEFORE considering the problem of how to represent Beethoven's Ninth in two dimensions, a word about stock covers. Some albums do not rate cover designs of their own, and a stock cover design is used. Victor has several variants, tending toward warm colors and arrangements of harps, lutes, and other antique instruments, sometimes dissected in the manner of Picasso.



"... a Red Seal record in lieu of magic carpet."

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One Columbia stock cover, a Steinweiss, is a photographic composition of a statue of a harp-playing Greek muse behind a double-exposed screen of chicken wire. In designing stock covers, of course, the problem is only that of representing music in general. For this purpose there is no gainsaying the appropriateness of archaic instruments, intact or Picassoed. Steinweiss possibly errs in that his stone muse behind chicken wire suggests *classicism* too definitely to go on, let's say, a Rachmaninoff album. If you disagree, that just shows how subjective the criteria for this art form can be.

But if even the problem of representing music in general can be controversial, think of the problem of representing a particular composition! Beethoven in a brown room may be generally appropriate to any of 135 Beethoven opus numbers. But the pink sky and the yellow sunburst—isn't Steinweiss here trying to express a celestial glory that could be only the great Choral Symphony? Deep and devious are the ways of album-cover artists, as shown on the cover of the rival Koussevitzky-Boston-Shaw version of the Ninth (Victor album 1190). Peering at us are three thin, sad-faced gamins in undershirts. Does the unsigned artist here choose to ignore the exaltation of the choral movement and to concentrate instead on the pathos of the third movement? But a closer inspection of the design reveals unfinished arches and buildings and an array of flags of different colors. Does all this mean that there is hope for these undernourished children in the new world abuilding, in the final triumph of the United Nations? This would certainly warrant an Ode to Joy.

BEETHOVEN is full of riddles for the album artist to pose, but it is Mahler who really brings out the obscurantist in Steinweiss. The cover on "Songs of a Wayfarer" (Columbia album X-267) has a small heart and dagger on it, which can be explained by one of the songs, "Ich hab' ein glühend Messer in meiner Brust" (I have a glowing knife in my breast), but the main design on this cover is something that looks like a loosely-strung badminton racket, the wherefore of which is something to chew on. Mahler's "Das Lied von der Erde" (Columbia album 300) also has a poser of a cover. There, across an open gray space with lines across it, a yellow silhouette of a man approaches a white female figure with red hair. Out of this I, like anyone, can get the idea of sex, and it's true that "The Song of the Earth" is not completely devoid of sex. As for the red dots and lines that crisscross the yellow man—well, they symbolize something.

However, album cover artists can be explicit as often as they are obscure. For example, one M. Liebowitz has depicted a thick, gnarled tree under a glowering sky ablaze with lightning. That's the "Appassionata" all right (Victor album 1018), even without the name printed across the scene in big red letters. Then there's a mildly humorous one on the "Scheherazade Suite" (Victor album 920) with a turbaned gentleman sailing through the Oriental sky on a Red Seal record in lieu of magic carpet. But the literal approach, too, can make for controversy over interpretation. On the cover of Brahms's Double Concerto (Victor album 815) there is another suspended Red Seal disc upon which a dark gypsy girl is dancing. Now, it's true that Brahms did write some Hungarian dances and that his reputation among the Philistines rests solidly upon them, but for me there just isn't anything of the *zigeuner* in his Double Concerto. The eternal conflict of subjective artist and subjective critic again.

Beyond liberalism lies another approach—the graphic representation of the critic's cliche. My prize specimen of this is the cover of the Beethoven Violin Concerto (Victor album 705) whereon is displayed a sharp-cut diamond as big as your fist. What could be plainer than that this represents *jewel-like perfection*? I reject another possible version, namely that it means that Heifetz's performance is one of *diamondlike precision*, partly because it isn't true, partly because it would be a kind of left-handed compliment in any case. Steinweiss, whom I chided above for obscurantism, has also been known to indulge in cliche painting. A hand and a big red feather assure us that Serkin's touch in playing the Brahms Second Piano Concerto (Columbia album 584) is *light as a feather*, while the same artist's performance of the Beethoven "Emperor" has *all the colors of the spectrum* (Columbia album 500). Since I have by no means made an exhaustive survey of the field, I don't know whether or not there is a Mozart album with a cameo on it.

I apologize for having discussed only Victor and Columbia albums and slighting the smaller companies, who can't afford full-color reproduction and often do better without it. For instance, Dan Shapiro makes a Schumann sonata quite vernal by silhouetting a black sapling against a yellow sky (Vox album 189), and he illustrates Beethoven's "Theme and Variations in F" (Vox album 602) with a series of abstract designs using similar elements—theme and variations, get it? These few examples are enough for a starter. I leave the field wide open for other critics and scholars.

My Favorite Records

Thomas Mann was an early and ardent partisan of the phonograph, even when records sounded "remote and diminutive, as though one were to look at a painting through the wrong end of an opera-glass"—to quote him in "The Magic Mountain." It is a privilege, then, to present his choices as the first in a series of phonographic preferences by laymen of note in public affairs. We note, in passing, Mr. Mann's righteous complaint that a dozen choices could scarcely cover his indispensable records, and absolve him from any grievance that may incidentally arise.

FRANCK: *Symphony in D minor. Pierre Monteux conducting the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra.*

MENDELSSOHN: *Concerto in E minor. Nathan Milstein, violin, and the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra of New York, Bruno Walter conducting.*

MOZART AND OTHERS: *A Song Recital by Lotte Lehmann.*

BERLIOZ: *"Harold in Italy." William Primrose, violinist, with the Boston Symphony, Serge Koussevitsky conducting.*

BEETHOVEN: *Symphony No. 3 in E flat ("Eroica"). Bruno Walter conducting the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra of New York.*

WAGNER: *"Parsifal," Act III. Berlin State Opera soloists, chorus, and orchestra, Karl Muck conducting.*

WAGNER: *"Die Walküre," Act. I. Lotte Lehmann, soprano, Lauritz Melchior, tenor, Emanuel List, bass, and the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, Bruno Walter conducting.*

BERG: *Excerpts from "Wozzeck." Charlotte Boerner, soprano, and the Janssen Symphony Orchestra, Werner Janssen conducting.*

STRAUSS, *Johann: Two Overtures and Two Waltzes. Various European orchestras. Bruno Walter and George Szell conducting.*

SCHUBERT: *"Der Musensohn" (Goethe) and "Der Wanderer" (Schmidt von Luebeck). Gerhard Huesch, baritone, and Hans Udo Müller, piano.*

SCHUMANN: *"Romanze" (Geibel) and Schubert's "Der Erlkönig" (Goethe). Heinrich Schlusnus, baritone, and Franz Rupp, piano.*

ROOSEVELT: *"A Prayer for the Nation on D-Day, June 6, 1944." Franklin D. Roosevelt, recorded off the air.*

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Rock-a-Bye Parade *and* Ducklings on Parade	*Vaughn de Leath*	Y-16, $1.25
Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs	*Walt Disney*	Y-17, $3.50
The Sheep and the Pig Who Set Up Housekeeping	*Gudrun Thorne-Thomsen*	Y-18, $1.25
Three Billy Goats Gruff *and* Answer Three Questions If You Can	*Gudrun Thorne-Thomsen*	Y-19, $1.25
The Night Before Christmas *and* Jingle Bells Fantasy	*Milton Cross, RCA Salon Orch., Male Quartet*	Y-20, $1.25
What Is God Like? *and* The Song of Growing Things	*Karolyn Harris, Allan Grant at the piano*	Y-21, $1.25
Let's Play	*Helen Myers*	Y-23, $2.25
In Which a House Is Built at Pooh Corner for Eeyore	*Robert Shaw*	Y-24, $2.25
Christopher Robin Songs	*Alec Templeton*	Y-26, $2.25
Songs of Raggedy Ann	*Jack Arthur*	Y-27, $2.25
Adventures in Mother Goose Land	*Jack Arthur*	Y-30, $2.25
Holidays in Song	*Jack Arthur*	Y-31, $3.75
Cinderella	*Jeannette MacDonald, Russ Case and Cast*	Y-327, $2.25
Uncle Remus	*Norman Cordon and Cast*	Y-328, $2.25
Peter Churchmouse	*Paul Wing and Cast*	Y-329, $2.25
The Twelve Dancing Princesses	*Dramatic Cast—Musical Cast*	Y-330, $3.50
Pan, the Piper	*Paul Wing*	Y-331, $3.75
The Prettiest Song in the Whole World	*Dame May Whitty*	Y-332, $2.25
Little Black Sambo	*Paul Wing*	Y-333, $2.25
Little Black Sambo's Jungle Band	*Paul Wing*	Y-334, $2.25
Singing Games	*Madge Tucker*	Y-335, $1.25
Songs of the Zoo	*John and Lucy Allison*	Y-337, $1.25
When the Husband Kept House	*Gudrun Thorne-Thomsen*	Y-338, $1.25
The 500 Hats of Bartholomew Cubbins	*Paul Wing*	Y-339, $2.25
One String Fiddle	*Paul Wing*	Y-340, $2.25
The Little Engine That Could	*Paul Wing*	Y-341, $2.25
The Unsuccessful Elf	*Paul Wing*	Y-342, $2.25
The Pancake *and* The Farmer's Bride	*Gudrun Thorne-Thomsen*	Y-343 $2.25
Pee-Wee the Piccolo	*Paul Wing*	Y-344, $2.25
Peter and the Wolf	*Sterling Holloway*	Y-345, $2.25
Rapunzel	*Dame May Whitty*	Y-347, $2.25
Little Black Sambo and the Twins	*Paul Wing*	Y-348, $2.25
Pinocchio	*Walt Disney*	Y-349, $3.50
Dumbo	*Walt Disney*	Y-350, $3.50
Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer	*Paul Wing*	Y-353, $2.25
Rumpelstiltskin	*Roland Winters*	Y-354, $2.25
Little Gnawman	*Dr. George Rockwell*	Y-355, $2.25
The Doll in the Grass *and* The Lad and the North Wind	*Gudrun Thorne-Thomsen*	Y-356, $2.25
Why the Chimes Rang	*Ted Malone*	Y-357, $2.25
Johnny Stranger	*Ray Middleton*	Y-358, $2.25
Spike Jones Plays His Kind of Nonsense Music for Children	*Spike Jones*	Y-359, $2.25
The Pied Piper of Hamelin	*Alec Templeton*	Y-360, $2.25
Mollie Whuppie	*John Cronan*	Y-361, $2.25
Little Freddy and his Fiddle	*Gudrun Thorne-Thomsen*	Y-362, $2.25
The Happy Harmonica	*John Sebastian*	Y-363, $2.25
Aladdin and His Wonderful Lamp	*Turhan Bey*	Y-364, $2.25
The Further Adventures of Tubby the Tuba	*Ray Middleton*	Y-365, $2.25
Billy-On-A-Bike	*Vaughn Monroe*	Y-366, $2.25
St. Catherine and the Miraculous Medal	*Ted Malone*	Y-367, $2.25
Johnny Appleseed	*Dennis Day*	Y-368, $3.50
Melody Time	*Roy Rogers, Sons of Pioneers, Sammy Kaye and Freddy Martin*	Y-369, $2.25
Happy the Humbug Has a Birthday	*David Wayne*	Y-370, $2.25
Sylvester the Seal	*Eddie Mayehoff*	Y-373, $2.25
The Wedding of the Princess	*Paul Wing*	Y-374, $2.25
Pecos Bill	*Roy Rogers and The Sons of the Pioneers*	Y-375, $3.50
The Boy Who Sang for the King	*Dennis Day*	Y-376, $2.25
How the Circus Learned to Smile	*Spike Jones*	Y-377, $2.25
Lore of the West	*Roy Rogers*	Y-394, $2.25
Bambi	*Shirley Temple*	Y-395, $3.50
Prince Valiant	*Douglas Fairbanks*	Y-611, $3.75
Alice In Wonderland	*American Repertory Theatre*	K-13, $7.00
The Story of The Nativity	*Walter Hampden*	P-225, $3.25

*Except K-13 and P-225

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From Heebie Jeebies to Bebop

BILL GOTTLIEB

ON AN Okeh recording date twenty-two years ago, Louis Armstrong dropped his lyric sheet in the middle of "Heebie Jeebies." Recuts were expensive; so rather than start over, Satchmo improvised a mess of nonsense syllables which he sang as if he were blowing them through his horn:

"Poppa's got the heebie jeebies bad . . . ay! eeff, gaff, mmmm, de-boy, a deddle-la-bahm; rip bib ee-doo-dee-doo-doo . . ." (Reissued in Columbia album C-28.)

Enthralled fellow musicians made a 1926 best seller out of "Heebie Jeebies" and jazz historians singled it out as the formal debut of scat singing. Actually, scat singing, which is the vocalizing of meaningless sounds in instrumental fashion, had been used long before. Jazz and classical men alike have always employed scat as a kind of vocal shorthand by which one musician described a musical phrase to another. For just as many centuries, coloratura sopranos have been coyly scatting up and down scales in pursuit of virile flutes.

Whatever its origins, scat has played an important role in jazz singing ever since "Heebie Jeebies." Since it is equally unintelligible to Frenchmen as to Americans, it spread over the world as an international tongue. Last year, when Russia shipped us a solitary batch of five-year-plan jazz, the high point was a scat chorus, thick with Slavic da-da's, on "St. Louis Blues" (Eddie Rozner and the White Russian State Jazz Orchestra, Compass 12215). The recent overwhelming onslaught of bebop has been a particular boon to scat, since frantic bebop has proved to be too much for ordinary words. Thanks to bebop, scat records are now more prevalent than ever.

Sarah Vaughan—mistress of the "tortured, tortuous delivery."

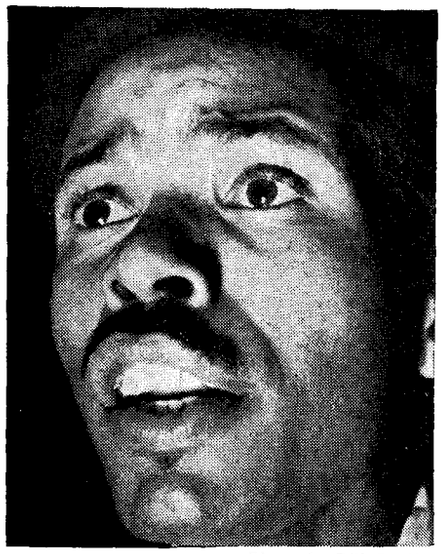
Scat is the ultimate extension of the broad category of jazz singing sometimes referred to as the "instrumental vocal style." Whether using nonsense syllables (scat) or regular words, the instrumental singer patterns himself after a hot trumpet, trombone, reed, or string.

Though generally featured in solo roles, an instrumental singer manages to integrate his "horn" with the entire orchestra, as if he were another musician. He doesn't bog the beat nor dominate the decibels. Neither does he aim to sell the sentimental message in the lyrics. The lyrics, which are usually inane anyhow, serve only as a convenient vehicle for projecting his voice. When the words happen to be an impediment, he casually distorts them or abandons them entirely for scat. The conventional crooner, on the other hand, sets his own beat, softens the band's rhythmic bite, fondles the lyrics, and otherwise subordinates the orchestra and music to his own ends.

In instrumental jazz, a rough and dirty tone is generally preferred to a clean, precise tone; and a deviation from the melody is more admired than an adherence to it. Above all, there is insistence on rhythmic phrasing. Consequently, instrumental singers are, in imitation, more concerned with earthy emotionalism, inventive embellishments, and jazz accents than with purity, constancy, and lyricism. To the dismay of conventional music lovers who are devoted to tone purity and the other otic niceties, a singer can have a gravel-filled larynx and still be great, as long as he sings with beat and feeling.

BY an amazing circuity, the instruments which our singers imitate sound like they do because they, in the first place, probably imitated our singers! From the wah! wah! cry of the trumpet down to the subtle inflection of a jazz clarinet, we see evidence that the creators of jazz, separated as they were from orthodox musical influences, learned to play by copying the warm, rough, natural voices of blues singers and other untutored minstrels.

It may seem like an untenable paradox to say that jazz singers imitate jazz instrumentalists and that jazz instrumentalists imitate jazz singers; but recorded proof is plentiful. On such items as Rex Stewart's "Jug Blues" (Mercury 8001), it is literally difficult at times to tell whether Rex is singing like his trumpet or playing like his voice.



—*Photos by Bill Gottlieb.*

Babs Gonzales—"a super-hep character who never improvises."

THE impetus behind instrumental singing can be traced, in part, to simple economy. In the early days, even more than today, an orchestra couldn't afford to hire a separate singer but would make one of the musicians double as vocalist. Not possessing a "quality" voice, but instilled with plenty of fine instrumental ideas, he created the institution of instrumental singing. Logically enough, most of the great instrumental singers even today were, originally, musicians, composers, or arrangers: Mel Torme, Johnny Mercer, Sarah Vaughan, Woody Herman, Billy Eckstine, and almost all the others appearing in the following list. This list, incidentally, presents the outstanding instrumental singers in vaguely chronological order.

Louis Armstrong, the giant of jazz instrumentalists, has attained stature among jazz singers by the mere device of singing precisely as he plays. He has frequently won critics' polls both as musician and as vocalist. On "Fifty-Fifty Blues" (RCA Victor 20-2530), he shares singing honors with another important instrumentalist-vocalist, trombonist Jack Teagarden.

Satchmo's imitators are legion and include commercial successes like Louis Prima (RCA Victor) and Tony Pastor (Columbia). Perhaps the most impressive carbon is Wingie Manone. On "Isle of Capri" (Vocalion 4464), Wingie modified scat by using actual words but stringing them in senseless

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sequences. The sentimental lyric that begins "'Twas on the Isle of Capri that I met her . . ." becomes, to Wingie, "Oh, Capri, on the isle; oh, Capri, dressed in style; oh, Capri, walk a mile, all over that isle!" His recent offerings include "Box Car Blues" (Capitol 442), on which Johnny Mercer, an eminently successful instrumental singer, can also be heard.

Sophisticated Duke Ellington has long been experimenting with his own polished versions of scat. Instead of syllables, his singers often do moody passages using only one simple vowel sound, like "ahhhh." Right now, vocalist Kay Davis's job with the band is to sound her "ahhhh" for the Duke on numbers like "Transblucency" (RCA Victor 20-2326).

MOST frantic scatter is Leo Watson. A frustrated trombonist, his hands play an imaginary trom as he flies into frighteningly weird and unrestrained explosions of sound. Watson's recent record, "Snake Pit" (Signature 1004), gets its name from a few intelligible words heard in the midst of his fantasy: "Rattlesnakes . . . snakes, snakes . . . cobras, boa constricaaa-a-a-da-da-das, bope, da, de de, da."

Cab Calloway is the best known scat singer; but like most commercializers, he has lost touch with the real thing. When Cab says "Hi-de-ho" on "Minnie the Moocher" (Vocalion 4763), it is something cute and not the means for making exciting, instrumental music. Possibly Cab misses the point because he is not a musician. For a late example, hear "Twenty Nickels for a Dollar" (Columbia 37500).

In his early "boo-boo-boo" days, Bing Crosby was obviously a scatter. (Hear him "chase" Bix Beiderbeck's trumpet at the opening of Whiteman's "Mississippi Mud.") (RCA Victor 25366.) Even today, the rhythmic naturalness of most of his singing is in the instrumental category. This is even more definitely true of Woody Herman (Columbia), Tex Beneke (RCA Victor), and Hoagy Carmichael (Decca).

Obviously in the instrumental tradition, perhaps too obviously, are the Mills Brothers, who once literally imitated basses, cornets, and trombones. Their "Shine" (Decca 24382) has recently been reissued.

The strident "atonality" of bebop was first incorporated into singing by Billie Eckstine, who, though a romantic baritone, filled his band with boppers like Dizzy Gillespie, Charlie Parker, and singer Sarah Vaughan. In 1945, on "Rhythm in a Riff" (National 9014), he was carried away sufficiently to stop crooning and to scat four pioneering bars of vocal bebop.

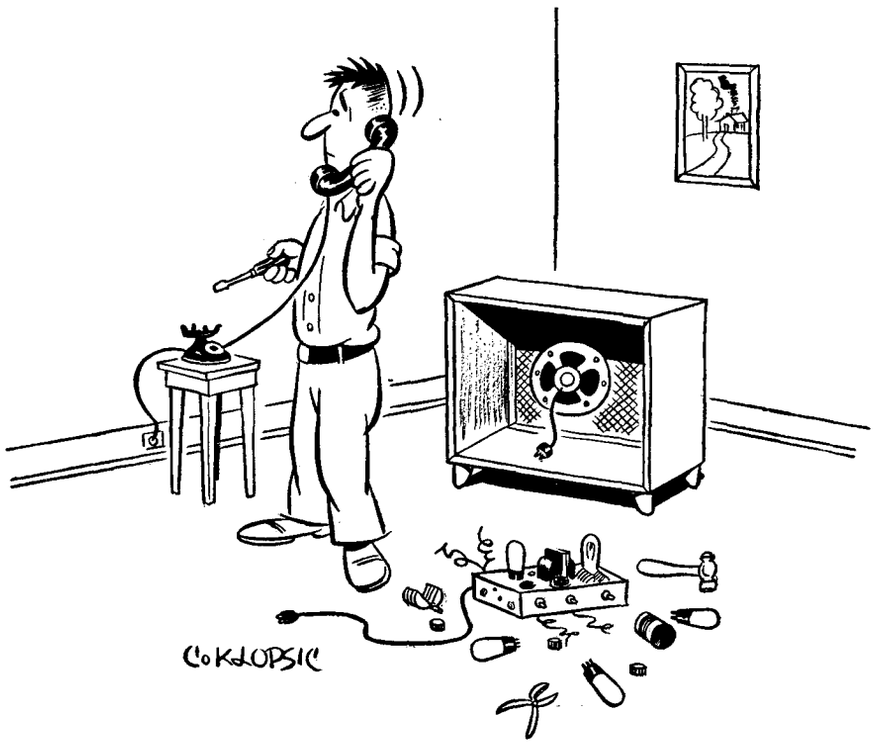
Most spectacular influence in vocal bop is Babs Gonzales, a super-hep character who has deliberately written specific sounds to go with bop music. Unlike conventional scatters, Babs never improvises. He calculates the precise nonsense syllable for each given note, then memorizes these "lyrics." In addition to providing planned effects, these fixed syllables make it possible for several singers to scat in unison, a device well suited to bop, which uses many rapid, unison effects. Instead of flowing freely like conventional scat, Babs's brand is painstakingly articulated and is almost as heavy with vowel sounds as the Hawaiian language. His masterpiece is "Oop-Pop-A-Da" (Bluenote 534), which was also recorded and sung by Dizzy Gillespie (RCA Victor 20-2480). The copyrighted words begin this way: "Oop-pop-a-da, bli ah bu du, la be bli bop." A more recent bit by the Babs group, The Three Bips and a Bop, is "1280 Special" (Apollo 776); while a tongue-in-cheek take-off comes from singer Bunny Briggs on Charlie Barnet's superb "East Side, West Side" (Apollo 1084).

When Buddy Stewart sang for Gene Krupa, he scatted through a minor bop classic called "What's This?" (Columbia 36819) to which there have been such replies as King Cole's scatted "That's What" (Capitol 437). Together with voice coach Dave Lambert, Buddy later produced a brilliantly complex, wordless duet, "Gussie G." (Keynote 657), named after Dave's mother-in-law. Buddy also scats bop on Charlie Ventura's "Synthesis" (National 9036).

Editors of both *Down Beat* and *Metronome*, the jazz journals, have called Ella Fitzgerald's "Lady Be Good" (Decca 23956) the greatest jazz record of 1947. This masterpiece is a breathtaking piece of vocal gymnastics in which Ella puckishly mimics each of the bop scat singers. One of them, not elsewhere mentioned, is Slam Stewart, whose scatting consists of humming in unison with his bass while he bows it, as on Johnny Guarnieri's "Bowing Singing Slam" (Savoy 530.

ANOTHER girl instrumental vocalist is Sarah Vaughan, voted the best singer in 1947 in every poll of critical consequence. Her tortured, tortuous delivery is a masterful example of modern musicianship applied to the voice. Even on ballads like "Ghost of a Chance" (Musicraft 503), her trombone-like inventions are apparent. Other top girl singers like Billie Holliday, Mildred Bailey, Nita O'Day, and June Christy are examples of more or less instrumental stylists, though not in as clear-cut fashion.

Among the bobby-sox idols, Mel Tormé possesses the most musicianly, though perhaps the least "musical," voice. His exciting instrumental improvisations more than compensate for his thin, fuzzy voice. Though he generally adheres to the lyrics, on "Night and Day" (Musicraft 538), he also scats. The conclusion must be that most good jazz singers, whatever their background, are brothers under the "scat"; if they aren't, they may be good singers, but not of jazz.



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Reviews of the Month

The esoteric and the common are sharply separated this month, with the "Requiem" of Berlioz, a Medtner volume, and English folk ballads self-played by Benjamin Britten—all phonographic first times. Items in larger supply are the D minor Violin Sonata of Brahms, the "Tristan" Prelude and Liebestod, and, again, the Prokofieff "Classical."

The Peerless Pears

BRITTEN: *Folk Songs and Ballads. Peter Pears, tenor, with Benjamin Britten at the piano.* (London album 3A, $3.94.)

As an accumulator of musical properties, Britten is hardly matched by any other English or American composer of the day. That is to say, whether by accident or intent, there is very little of Britten's music which doesn't have contact with an audience and performable value of some sort. These songs, for example, have the dual merit of unfamiliarity and quality, suggesting that they may well become a part of the concert-giving singer's repertory.

It is, of course, possible that "The Sally Gardens" or "Sweet Polly Oliver" are as familiar to the English as "I Wonder as I Wander" or "My Little Mohee" are to us. In that case, we confess our ignorance and welcome the opportunity to become acquainted with them in the peerless performances of Pears, an even more impressive singer here than in the Britten Serenade for tenor, horn, and strings which appeared last year. His mastery not only of the musical matter but also of the text makes for a kind of vocalization that should be more prevalent than it is.

As for Britten, he has worked creatively in these "arrangements," imparting his own color sense and framework to them, much as a modern painter might see, through his own eyes, the same vista painted by a Turner or Constable. At first contact, some of the passing tones and countermelodies sound oversophisticated for the simple melodies, but sharp edges become rounded by familiarity, the arbitrary blending into the inevitable. The recording problems have been handled with admirable skill, in the style to be expected of the ffrr technicians.

The Maharaiah of Medtner

MEDTNER: *Concerto No. 2 in C minor, miscellaneous piano pieces, and songs. Nicolas Medtner, piano, with the Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Issay Dobrowen, Tatiana Makushina and Olga Slobodskaya, sopranos.* (Mysore Musical Foundation album 1, $18.34.)

Art impulses come from the least predictable sources. Here is the first product of a rather remarkable enterprise we have been hearing about for months—a comprehensive recorded survey of the music of Nicolas Medtner, underwritten by the Maharajah of Mysore, an Indian principality previously known only as the place where the Bangalore torpedo came into existence. If it has something of the suggestion of Hilton's "Lost Horizon," with its lama who learned his Chopin from a pupil of that master (a hundred years later), we may remind the reader that Medtner is only a robust sixty-eight, and still living in London.

There has been a skimpy amount of recorded Medtner (including a volume of piano pieces self-played in Victor album 384) but no previous version of this Second Piano Concerto. Like the work of similar title by Rachmaninoff, to whom it is dedicated, it is in C minor. This suggestive combination of circumstances tends to make a prejudgment almost inescapable, but the facts are that it sounds more like an unfamiliar work by Rachmaninoff than an unfamiliar work by another composer. Lacking is the brawn of the Rachmaninoff personality at its most impressive, a difference which may be, to some, a virtue; but I find the likenesses too great for individual interest.

Among the songs, I find the setting of Pushkin, translated as "To a Dreamer," the most expressive, though I should be quite unsuspecting were I told it was by Tchaikovsky. Olga Slobodskaya, who sings it, is a more mature vocalist than Tatiana Makushina, who is heard in "Spanish Romance" and "Butterfly," which are, also, lesser songs. The piano pieces are the "Fairy Tales" (Opus 51, No. 1 and Opus 26, No. 3) and the "Arabesque" (Opus 7, No. 2) all previously included in the discontinued Victor set. One can only admire the devotion of His Majesty to Medtner, though one is puzzled why pioneering zeal should attach to a composer so conventional and easy to assimilate that public response would be unquestionable if the material warranted it. The technical work has been done by HMV, and is first-class throughout.

Innocent Merriment

SAINT-SAENS: *Concerto in G minor. Benno Moiseiwitch, piano, with the Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by Basil Cameron.* (RCA Victor album 1255, $4.75.)

It is gratifying to observe that one more worthy European artist has

—*Lotte Jacobi.*

Peter Pears and Benjamin Britten . . . "the arbitrary blending into the inevitable."

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passed whatever "loyalty" test is required by RCA of its Enlish affiliates, admitted to the community of Red Seal. Moiseiwitch could be one of our favorite and successful pianists could he be persuaded to base his activities in America; maybe his tour of last season and the appearance of this album presage some such transition.

As concerti go, those of Saint-Saëns have been absent from the concert halls for too long. Certainly there are musical merits in this G minor unprovided by Khatchaturian, say, who has newly been deemed chic—or was that last year? The rolling arpeggiations of the first movement, the scampering Mendelssohnian figures of the second, the gay balletic capers of the finale—they are good, clean musical fun with which Saint-Saëns delighted a generation at least as perceptive as ours, if not as "sophisticated." There is dash and glitter in the playing, brightness and depth in the recording.

The Two M's

MENDELSSOHN: *Concerto in G minor, No. 1. Eileen Joyce, piano, with the London Symphony Orchestra conducted by Anatol Fistoulari.* (English Decca AK 1688/9, $4.20.)

The fraternity of Mendelssohn players (whose current exponents include Benno Moiseiwitch and Ania Dorfman) will have to move over to make room for Eileen Joyce, newly revealed as an expert in this somewhat specialized idiom. There is an invitation to fleetness in his faster passages, to sentimentality in his slower ones which must be appraised for the treacherous things they are, and respected accordingly. In a musical alphabet M is not only for Mendelssohn but also for Moderation—a lesson Miss Joyce has well learned.

To me this is the most attractive of available playings of this warmly fanciful score. It begins with a crisply clear sound-timbre which is a delight, and progressively adds to that the intelligent artistry of Miss Joyce, her lyric feeling for the slow movement, and the kind of even-fingered execution that clarifies the presto as blood brother to the finale of the Violin Concerto. Any apprehensions about Fistoulari (based on his untoward way with standard symphonies he has directed for Decca) may be put at rest by the notation that he is completely at Miss Joyce's disposal, her musically very humble servant. As a recording this sounds to me the most successful blend of piano and orchestra I have yet heard on Decca. Altogether, it is a version superior in total effect, if not in every detail, to the Dorfman.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

Colette's Parable

RAVEL: *"L'Enfant et les Sortilèges." Soloists, orchestra, and chorus of the French Radio under direction of Ernest Bour.* (Columbia album OP-29, $8.50.)

HAS ANYONE a kind word for Maurice Ravel? Picking up three books at random, I see that one adjures me "to neglect the slick trash of Ravel," a second damns him with faint praise as an "artistic dandy," and a third castigates the "patchouli-scented atmosphere of the salon which clings to his music." To distil the critical consensus on Ravel, one would have to say merely that he is a clever, insincere artist, adept in the small change of music but measurably deficient in its great spiritual significance.

Cliches die particularly hard in the domain of music, and this one about Ravel is still robust. To inveigh against it would be a futile crusade. But with a recording now available of "L'Enfant et les Sortilèges," the possibility arises that art may conquer where verbal jeremiads are sure to fail. Certainly, nothing could better give the lie to the current misconceptions about Ravel than this exquisite fairy opera, which for tenderness and poignancy can be compared only to the finest pages of Mozart.

The work, all but unknown on this side of the Atlantic, merits a few factual details. It is Ravel's second and last opera, written in 1924. The text, by Colette, is that *rara avis*, an opera libretto with real charm and literary style. Left to sup alone and rue his naughtiness, a little boy gives vent to all the mischief in him, damaging every object, animate and inanimate, within sight. A cat, a caged squirrel, a tea set, the wallpaper of his room with its quaint pastoral figures, even the pendulum clock, come to life with articulate reproach for his cruelty. Most vindictive are the animals of the garden, who present him with the sad results of his tree-slashing, fly-swatting ways. The revolt of the animals almost ends in disaster when a squirrel gets hurt in the fray. But the little boy, touched and repentant, binds its wounded paw and thus endears himself to the forgiving beasts.

To this story of fantasy and enchantment, of childlike wonder and unsophisticated sincerity, Ravel has fitted a score of magical beauty. Like Joyce's "Ulysses," Ravel's second opera is at once an affecting emotional experience and a stylistic *tour de force*. Of the former, words avail nothing; it is there for any willing soul to comprehend. On its stylistic qualities, however, there is room for comment.

Ravel's detractors have termed him a glorified master of pastiche. If this be a fault, then there are marks in abundance against "L'Enfant et les Sortilèges." Within the brief fabric of this work, Ravel has drawn upon a myriad of musical styles. The animals intone in the manner of Gregorian chant; the Teapot and the Cup dance to a fox-trot; Shepherds and Shepherdesses step down from the wallpaper to perform a ballet straight out of Lully; the closing bars evoke the studied complexity of Baroque polyphony, and a Dragonfly utters its plaintive lament to the rhythm of a "Valse Américaine." Now, there is really nothing contemptible or superficial about such handiwork. Ravel holds with Oscar Wilde that "art never expresses anything but itself," which is only to say that he uses already established musical forms to suit present purposes. Despite a multiplicity of stylistic sources, the unity and integrity of "L'Enfant" never fails. Every measure bears the impress of Ravel's molding personality, and not a note obtrudes to jar the naive simplicity of Colette's touching parable.

Because fantasy is best beheld in the mind's eye, the recorded version of "L'Enfant et les Sortilèges" is especially welcome. Freed from the encumbrances of stage paraphernalia, we enter the fairy world without impinging visual inhibitions. Who, indeed, could resist this recorded performance, which comes perilously close to perfection? It was made in that "unfair" European fashion: seventeen hours to produce six records! The difficult balance between voice and orchestra is everywhere admirable, the musical execution faultless, the recording (made with latest English equipment) of becoming brilliance. Of a fine cast, one must commend particularly Yvon le Marc'hadour for his deft roulade in the part of the Clock, Claudine Verneuil for the breathless utterances of a nameless animal, and Nadine Sautereau for the starry-eyed amazement of the Child. Here, in short, is an album bearing the stamp of thought, taste, and authority. Columbia is to be congratulated for making this product of their French associate so quickly available.

—ROLAND GELATT.

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Recordings Reports on Classical Releases

See Page 63 for Pop Releases

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Bizet: "Carmen" Variations. Vladimir Horowitz, piano. RCA Victor 12-0472, $1.25.	A remake of the famous Horowitz specialty, this time valued at $1.25, for a twelve-inch record, against the old rate of 75¢ for a ten-inch. With it is the Chopin Nocturne Opus 7, No. 3 (F minor) rhythmically fluent and tonally attractive, but somehow without charm.
Brahms: Sonata in D minor. Mischa Elman, violin, and Wolfgang Rosé, piano. RCA Victor album 1232, $4.75.	"Swell" is ordinarily a term of approval, but not when it applies to the inordinate inflections favored by Elman. One need hardly endorse again the sound he produces, but it is all too inflated and forced for this work. Rosé is a faithful collaborator, but neither in style nor sensitivity is this version a match for the Stern-Zaikin of a few months back.
Brahms: "Der Kranz," "Der Schmied," and "Feldeinsamkeit." Lotte Lehmann, soprano, with Paul Ulanowsky, piano. RCA Victor 10-1405, $1.	Enthusiasm and experience are the virtues of Lehmann's singing here, frayed tone and pitch difficulties the deficiencies of it. "Der Kranz" is quite beautifully sung, the others merely delivered.
Dvorak: Symphony No. 4 (in G). Bruno Walter conducting the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra. Columbia album 770, $6.	For a rare instance, this is a performance of a work which I prefer to an existing version by Vaclav Talich and the Czech Philharmonic. A reason, perhaps, may be the derivation of the work itself, which is magnetized now by Schubert (in the first two movements), now by Brahms (the finale)—each a specialty of Walter. It is a superlative instance of the kind of conducting Walter is doing these days—mature, mellowed, and yet infinitely alive to the inner pulse of the music. For this wholly likable work, these are wonderfully sympathetic traits. Broad, well-sounding recording, especially of the brass.
Granados: "Intermezzo" (from "Goyescas"). Leopold Stokowski and his Symphony Orchestra. RCA Victor 18-0169, $2.	Stokowski's services are not commanding a premium these days, as one might assume from the price; rather it is a deference to the Vinylite on which my copy is pressed. Old-timers will well remember the playing of Casals in this music—an approach which is endorsed by Stokowski's well-phrased interpretation of the orchestral version. It is paired with "Sensemaya" by Revueltas, a barbaric burst of orchestral Mexicana sharply rendered by some of RCA's best recording—34th Street variety.
Kroll: "Banjo and Fiddle." Jascha Heifetz, violin, with Emanuel Bay, piano. RCA Victor 18-0168, $2.	An amusing take-off, played with breath-taking skill by Heifetz. A kind of Southern "Caprice Viennois," recommended to all fiddle fanciers. Some gilded moonshine from Korngold's "Much Ado About Nothing" music is offered on the overside. Excellent recording.
Mozart: Concerto in D (K. 242). Vitya Vronsky, Victor Babin, and Rosina Lhevinne, pianos, with Thomas Scherman conducting the Little Orchestra. Columbia album 771, $4.75.	How far can one go in mere expedience, in recording a performance merely because it is available? The unsupple, angular conducting of Scherman left more than a little wanting in concert, and for it to be reproduced on records—whatever the capacities of the soloists—is no favor to a work of this quality. Mozartians will be disappointed, and others disinterested. For whom, then, is it made?
Prokofieff: "Classical" Symphony. Serge Koussevitzky conducting the Boston Symphony Orchestra. RCA Victor album 1241, $3.50.	The "classic" version of the "Classical," in a glistening, spun-glass likeness of the score. Those qualities of "tact and subtlety" which one admired in the famous two single discs by Koussevitzky of the Thirties are still intact, especially in the lightly amusing slow movement. The acoustics of Symphony Hall are a fine match for the dimensions of this score. The versions of Mitropoulos and Golschmann are in no way competitive.
Prokofieff: "Toccata," Opus 10. Vladimir Horowitz, piano. RCA Victor 12-0428, $1.25.	The second Horowitz record of the month, and, on the whole, the one more consistently to his credit. The massive effects of the Prokofieff are almost as though made for Horowitz (who was only eight when it was written in 1912), while Debussy's "Serenade for the Doll" and Poulenc's "Presto" are well within the range of Horowitz's sympathies. However, the "Dolls" of both Cortot and Gieseking are more fanciful things.
Schubert: "Der Erlkönig" and "An die Musik." Lotte Lehmann, soprano, with Paul Ulanowsky, piano. RCA Victor 10-1448, $1.	Both of these would have been more welcome had they been made ten years ago, when Mme. Lehmann first began to record for RCA, but vocal lapses are better circumvented here than in some other records by her. Her "Erlkönig" is masterfully sustained, the final words wonderfully delivered. "An die Musik" leaves little to be desired, save the memory of what Mme. Lehmann herself has done with it in the past. The recording is acceptable, if in no way outstanding.
Shostakovich: Quartet No. 3, Opus 73. Fine Arts Quartet. Mercury album 3, $6.53.	The chamber music of Shostakovich is thinnish, lacking in texture and emotional substance, of which this work is a rounded instance. It sounds plausible enough as it passes in aural review, but no notable impression remains. There is not much more in the score than one hears immediately, thanks to the intent, well-balanced work of the ensemble. The tonal quality is excellent, as is the balance. The discs, I have just discovered by pressing one with thumb and first finger, are not Vinylite but rather brittle shellac.
Strauss: "The Inseparables" and other waltzes by Lanner and Josef Strauss. Schneider String Quintet. Columbia album 766, $6.	Eight sides are a little too much of a good thing here, since these are not the familiar Strauss waltzes with full orchestra, but an earlier kind of writing for three violins, viola, and string bass. I am especially partial to the several sides by Joseph Lanner, a contemporary of the senior Strauss, who had a pretty melodic fancy and a racy rhythmic sense. Something of a puzzle is his "Mozartisten" waltz, based on themes from "Don Giovanni" and "Magic Flute"—and, oddly enough, Schubert's "Heidenröslein." Schneider leads his virtuoso ensemble ably, and the recording is excellent.
Wagner: Prelude and Liebestod from "Tristan." Artur Rodzinski conducting the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. RCA Victor album V21, $5.	What the merits of this performance are that entitle it to full-Vinylite treatment, I can't say. It is orthodox, straightforward, and a little prosaic Wagner, not enhanced by anything superior in orchestral playing or recording. Both are workmanlike enough, but no more. Furtwängler remains peerless in this. —Irving Kolodin.

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Berlioz and Four Brass Bands

ROBERT LAWRENCE

BERLIOZ: *"La Grande Messe des Morts." Emile Passani Choir and Orchestra, conducted by Jean Fournet, with Georges Jouatte, tenor.* (Columbia album 769, $15.50.)

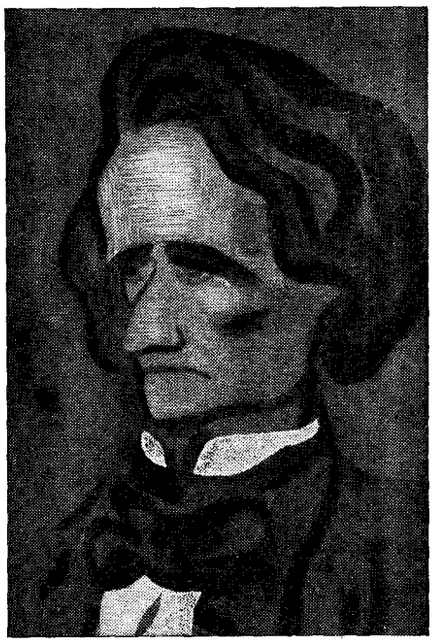
THERE is a whole body of Berlioz's operatic and choral music which for various reasons—expense of proper mounting, indifference of conductors, difficulty of execution—is not known to music-lovers in this country. Neither "The Trojans" nor "Beatrice and Benedict" has ever been given here in operatic form. The "Te Deum," played at the opening of Carnegie Hall in 1891, has rarely been heard from since. The "Symphonie Funèbre et Triomphale," though made accessible in a version by the Goldman Band, has never been offered in its original grandeur; and the "Grande Messe des Morts"—commonly known as the "Requiem"—is more of a legend than an actuality. Its performances in the United States have been infrequent.

Much has been made of Berlioz's use of massed forces in the Requiem. Standard strictures have found their way into music histories about the work's bombastic style. And, because it is so prohibitively expensive to perform—and therefore goes unheard—most of us have been unable to question these verdicts at first hand.

The Requiem was recorded in Paris five years ago by the Pathé-Marconi Company at the Church of St. Eustache. In repressing this issue for the American market, Columbia has rendered a cultural service. Now it is possible to hear and evaluate the work for oneself. Certain of its basic ingredients have been lost (more of that later) in the process of recording; but even a reasonable facsimile of this masterpiece, available to students and music lovers, should mark a further step in the revised estimate of Berlioz that is already being formed in this country.

The forces employed are vast: a mighty wind section, more than a hundred strings, four brass bands, sixteen timpani, ten pairs of cymbals, and four tam-tams, a chorus of over two hundred. Berlioz, in the full score, adds: "These numerical indications are merely relative. If the locale permits, the vocal mass may be doubled or tripled, and the instrumental choirs increased accordingly."

Surprisingly enough, the work is not



—*Daragnès.*

Hector Berlioz: ". . . I should beg mercy for the Requiem."

mechanically difficult to perform. Berlioz's unsurpassed knowledge of acoustical values led him to write broad, vaulting music for the forces employed. The instrumental parts bear little relationship to the intricacies of the "Fantastic Symphony," "Harold in Italy," or "Romeo and Juliet." They could be encompassed technically by a student orchestra. Nor is Berlioz's writing for chorus especially demanding. It is the synchronization of the massed musicians, the interpretative grasp of the score that place the burden almost entirely upon the conductor. One fervently hopes that Arturo Toscanini, before he lays aside his baton, will present this score in live performance to an American audience.

Berlioz once wrote, "If I were threatened with the destruction of all my works but one, I should beg mercy for the Requiem." The composition of this giant mass caused him no end of personal and financial worry. After all sorts of complications at the Ministry of the Interior, which had commissioned it, the "Grande Messe des Morts" was given a first hearing in 1837 at the Church of the Invalides in Paris, as part of a memorial service to the French military hero General Damrémont. For some time afterwards Berlioz had trouble getting the ministry to pay him for the expenses of the performance and for his own labors in composition.

The style of the work, though not nearly so flamboyant as the Requiem of Verdi, is nevertheless non-liturgical. It offers a series of incomparable tone pictures on the subject of death and the hereafter, rather than the staunch expression of any given creed. But the manner is consistently lofty, the content profound.

It will come as a surprise to those who are acquainted with the Berlioz Requiem only by hearsay, that no more than three sections—the Dies Irae, Rex Tremendae Majestatis, and Lacrimosa—employ the full orchestra. The essential mood is dark and spare. Among its many intimate pages, most memorable are the opening Kyrie, in whose later measures—as the chorus sings "Fiat Lux"—the orchestra seems to flicker like a dying candle and then spark celestially above the massed voices; the beautiful Quaerens Me, for unaccompanied chorus, in which Berlioz demonstrates that instrumental color was not an indispensable part of his genius; the Offertorium, beloved of Schumann, with its long development of a Gregorian-style theme in the orchestra against the mournful repetition by the chorus of only two notes (this entire section has a marked resemblance to the funeral procession from the "Romeo and Juliet" symphony, completed two years later); and the closing Agnus Dei, which contains—for this writer's taste—the most affecting pages in all of Berlioz. Here the composer first brings back the music of the Kyrie, with its unforgettable "Fiat Lux"; then, with a melting modulation, he reintroduces—in a feeling of solace so personal that it must be heard rather than described—the climactic phrase of the Rex Tremendae; and, finally, above throbbing chords in the timpani and the weaving of strings, he gives the chorus an "Amen" that conveys not the shadowy gloom of the cathedral but rather the peace of the grave.

ONLY one vocal soloist is called for in the Requiem; the tenor who sings, with choral background, the Sanctus. If the reader has any doubt of Berlioz's powers as a melodist or master harmonist, I refer him expressly to this section of the work, a page further remarkable for the accompaniment of five pairs of cymbals played pianissimo—like whirring wings—against the tender music of the soloist. The only cut in the entire recording has been made at this point to avoid the duplication of repetitive passages for both soloist and chorus. It would have been more desirable, in view of the score's large-scale architecture, to retain them.

(*Continued on page* 59)

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The Basic Record Library
Instrumental Works

Mozart

THE SYMPHONIES

No. 20 in D, K.133. Edvard Fendler's sure-handed direction of this brisk, cheery music is inhibited by a dull, unresonant studio. Otherwise, recommendable (Vox).

No. 25 in G minor, K.183. One can imagine a treatment preferable to John Barbirolli's with the Philharmonic-Symphony (Columbia) but since there is none, either domestic or imported, Barbirolli it is.

No. 26 in E flat, K.184. A single disc contains the whole of this lively little work, also some trenchant conducting by Serge Koussevitzky and the usual excellencies of the Boston Symphony. Clear, energetic playing, brightly recorded.

No. 27 in G, K.199. Another gap in the catalogue of recorded Mozart has been closed with the attention by Sir Thomas Beecham and the Royal Philharmonic to this otherwise obscure work. It is scheduled for release next month.

No. 28 in C, K.200. The Fritz Stein-Berlin College of Instrumentalists version now being on the "unavailable" list, there is nothing here to recommend.

No. 29 in A, K.201. Recording and performance both favor Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony (RCA Victor) in a comparison with the older Beecham and London Philharmonic album (Columbia). Both, however, are middle-aged as phonographic years go, and might be honorably retired in behalf of a more youthful successor.

No. 30 in D, K. 224. No recording known to me.

No. 31 in D ("Paris"), K.297. A handsome work, delivered with the appropriate flourishes by the London Philharmonic under Beecham. At the time of issue it was well in advance of the phonographic average in recording, and it is still thoroughly listenable (Columbia).

No. 32 in G, K.318. See Imports.

No. 33 in B flat, K.319. A new Von Karajan-Vienna Philharmonic version has been circulating in the import shops under the English Columbia label, and one may hope that it will find its way reasonably soon to the domestic lists. For the moment, however, this is a blank with local manufacturers, as an admirable Edwin Fischer recording is no longer available from RCA Victor.

No. 34 in C, K.338. Another competition of Beecham and Koussevitzky, this time resolved in favor of the former. The recording (Columbia) lacks the luster of the Symphony Hall product (RCA Victor), but it is aptly done in its own style.

No. 35 in D ("Haffner"), K.385. One must be a churl—or a fanatic about this work—to reject the dazzling results achieved by Arturo Toscanini with the NBC Orchestra in a recording which appeared only months ago. Whichever I may be considered, I find it forceful but not vital, incisive but without pulsation. Though there is a broader range of effects in the recording (RCA Victor), I remain content with the older Beecham-London Philharmonic (Columbia), which is cheerful where Toscanini is aggressive, graceful where he is urgent. (Also see Imports).

No. 36 in C ("Linz"), K.425. It would be an admirable service for Columbia, which has had some dealings with Fritz Busch (mostly operatic), to commandeer his services for a replacement of his able version of this work, no longer listed by RCA Victor.

No. 37 in G, K.444. Surely there are enough automatic purchasers of Mozart among record devotees to justify a historic first recording of this music, even if it is no more interesting than, say, the Second of Sibelius (of which there are multiple versions).

No. 38 in D ("Prague"), K.504. One of the best of all Beecham performances, in a comparatively recent performance by the London Philharmonic (c. 1943), which was an astonishing recording when it was new, and still admirable (Columbia). Walter's older one is dated by the mere mention of the Vienna Philharmonic, with which he has done no recording for ten years.

No. 39 in E flat, K.543. A wartime product—this playing by Beecham and the London Philharmonic is definitely substandard (Columbia). One may look forward hopefully, then, to a new George Szell-Cleveland Symphony edition for Columbia, which will be along after the first of the year, since there is nothing in the RCA Victor catalogue other than an antiquated Walter-BBC Orchestra playing. See Imports.

No. 40 in G minor, K.550. There is so much in this score and it has received the attentions of so qualified a group of interpreters in the last cycle of phonographic time that almost any shade of listening inclination can be satisfied. Toscanini's, of course, is the most intensely dramatized, and the poorest recorded (RCA Victor): Beecham's, the most lyrically eloquent and intellectually brave; Reiner's, the most musicianly (in point of subtleties in the score and exposition of the work's texture), the gainer, by four or five years, in phonographic progress (Columbia). Among them, my bias is to the Reiner for its flowing breadth of statement and clarity of sound. I may also mention versions by Weingartner (Columbia), an earlier Beecham (Columbia), an even earlier Columbia by Bruno Walter, and a famous old Polydor by Richard Strauss. Koussevitzky's, however, with the London Philharmonic (RCA Victor) is unmentionable.

No. 41 in C ("Jupiter"), K.551. Till there is a new "Jupiter" by Beecham—and I know of none even contemplated—I am happiest with the Walter-Philharmonic (Columbia) of half a dozen years ago. I am well aware of the much more recent Toscanini-NBC issue of RCA Victor, and its clear superiority in tonal response and dynamics. However, it is to me an excessively metronomic playing, without the flexibility, the ease, and the nuance that I feel is Mozart's due.

IMPORTS

For those who cherish it, No. 32 may be sought either in the old Von Benda-Berlin Philharmonic version of Telefunken, or in the newer Adrian Boult-BBC recording for English Decca. Having once heard the former and not the latter, I would still take the Boult, hearing unheard. A new "Haffner," on Pathé, by Johannes Schüler and the Vienna Philharmonic, I have heard without enthusiasm. Both the playing and the conducting are of the ponderous genre. There is promise of quality in an Ernest Ansermet-Suisse Romande "Prague," unconfirmed by personal audition. And, finally, two new versions of the E flat, No. 39, both for English Decca—an early and presumably unsatisfactory one by Goehr, and a newer Josef Krips.

(To be continued)

—The Editor.

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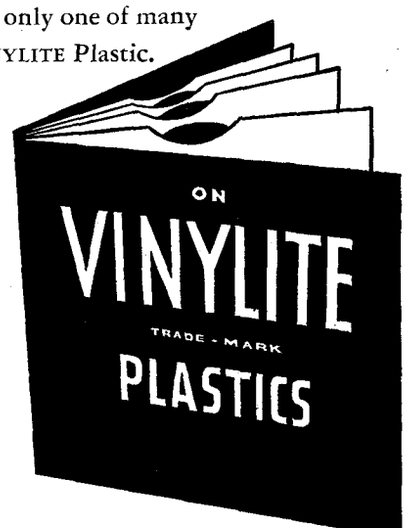

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HITS AND MISSES

ANYONE who currently follows the arts must feel that this is an age of great technical facility and high surface gloss, but relatively little genuineness, true inwardness of style. The situation appears on all levels. There is, for instance, the instructive case of Miss Doris Stockton. Miss Stockton, to put it mildly, can whale the dickens out of the marimba. She does just that in a new album, "Marimba Classics" (RCA Victor album P222, $4). Now we have always had the fondest of feelings for this instrument. Its dulcet, veiled, weedy resonance speaks with Guatemalan charm, and there is a large native repertory for the marimba out of which, one imagines, it would be possible to make a most seductive album. But what does Doris Stockton play? She plays, if you please, "Ave Maria," "Perpetual Motion," "Hora Staccato." "Waltz of the Flowers," "On Wings of Song," "F Major Waltz," "The Swan," and only one number which so much as borders on marimba land—"Tico Tico." What has happened to Miss Stockton's instinct for the appropriate? Hearing her, we are irresistibly reminded of that superb musical clown Wilbur Hall, formerly of the Whiteman orchestra, who used to make a specialty of renditions on the bicycle pump.

The widespread atrophy of the stylistic sense is seldom, as in Wilbur Hall's case, deliberate. Here, for another example, is Russ Case's orchestra embarked on a fine romantic account of Dana Suesse's "The Night Is Young and You're So Beautiful" (RCA Victor 20-3080, 75¢)—which suddenly turns into a violent hot trombone solo. One has the unpleasant feeling of eavesdropping on some perverse lover, who, with his sweet nothings, feels impelled to mingle a bout of eccentric dancing. And here is Tex Beneke's technically brilliant band offering a prime example in "Poinciana" and "The Man I Love" (RCA Victor 20-3112, 75¢) of one of the commonest stylistic faults of the day: the utter lack of any sustained expressive character whatever. All sorts of things get their moments in the three-minutes-plus of the record surface: brassy orchestral gorgeousness, delicate *pizzicati*, hot trumpet solos, vocalizing both tight and loose by Garry Stevens and the Moonlight Serenaders, wistful saxophones, great "shakes" by the entire brass team, *et al.* Everything is played impeccably—and there is simply no musical direction. One would rather just hear the tunes whistled.

Or consider Coleman Hawkins, who in his stylistic heyday twenty years ago was a grand master of the hot tenor saxophone, robust, melodically profuse, irresistibly rhythmic. He now devotes himself very largely to the syrupy elaboration of such slow tunes as "April in Paris" (RCA Victor 20-3057, 75¢). Now any improviser of anything like Hawkins's talent and experience can doodle intricately around the basic chord sequence of a tune, and some of the doodling may take on positive musical value as ornament or counter-melody. But to these ears the example in question sounds merely like doodling.

We turn with relief to records in which the musical material is handled appropriately, with authority and finish—which, in short, possess style. The month's offerings in this area are few and scarcely epochal. But there are two more reissues of pulsing folk spirituals by the Heavenly Gospel Singers, "New Dry Bones" and "Precious Lord, Take My Hand" (RCA Victor 20-3069, 75¢). A singer named Snooky Lanson does very well with the savory old numbers, "Georgia on My Mind" and "Down Among the Sheltering Palms" (Mercury 5181, 79¢). And Perry Como adds to his roster of classics with "When You're Smiling" and "Melancholy Baby" (RCA Victor 20-3066, 75¢).

While brooding on the state of recording this month we had in mind various remarkable discs no longer obtainable. RECORDINGS has recently campaigned for certain classical revivals, and we should like to speak up for the popular record bins. Will the Decca company be so kind as to repress its wonderful albums of Stephen Foster and other nineteenth-century songs by Frank Luther and his associates? It is hard to imagine music offering more temptations to the stylistic butcher. Foster's masterpieces are usually offered in lush medleys of rhapsody and schmalz. A notable exception are Bing Crosby's treatments, but the high purity of Frank Luther's voice and his simple accompaniments, featuring the thin, silver pathos of the concertina, can even make one overlook Crosby. This department feels that the heritage of mid-nineteenth-century sentimental American music lives strongest in these Luther recordings, and that their brittle beauty is a major lack in the record market.

—WILDER HOBSON.

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BERLIOZ

(Continued from page 55)

The really massive numbers of the Requiem are built for the sonorities of a huge church, like the Invalides in Paris or St. Patrick's in New York. Part of their effect lies in the reverberation heard in live performances, the physical impact on the human ear. Diffuseness of sound is a calculated part of the work's construction. When the Requiem has been compressed, so to speak, on discs, certain acoustical marvels of the music—however well recorded—are diminished in their impressiveness. For example, the famous blend in the Hostias of three flutes with eight trombones (four on one side of the church and four on the other) loses the spatial element which makes it so interesting in performance. Nor does the entrance of the four brass bands, as they proclaim the Day of Judgment —one at every point of the compass —give altogether the idea of great distances intended by the composer. Even with these defects, perhaps insuperable, the current recording is a fine one, with the Emile Passani chorus and orchestra well—if not memorably—directed by Jean Fournet. It seems to me that the original Columbia discs, which I heard in Paris, had a more luminous tone than those now issued by Bridgeport.

The most famous section of the Requiem remains, of course, the Dies Irae; and the new set is worth having for this alone. Starting with an insistent plain-chant melody for cellos, basses, and chorus, it is twice interrupted by an upward, ominous run of the strings. On the third sweep, the Tuba Mirum arrives. The four bands sound first in unison, then in rhythmical counterpoint; and if one is disposed to accuse Berlioz of using needless instruments here, a study of the score is recommended. The diversity of rhythmic and harmonic effect in all four bands, emerging in combination like the tone of a giant organ, is startling. As the call to Judgment reaches its climax, the male chorus enters above the thundering of the timpani. Once more the pealing brasses are heard—this time together with the voices; and as they rise a second time to the apex of the Requiem, the crack of doom resounds.

It is noteworthy that this is the only place in the entire work—one bar, to be exact—where Berlioz has used the combined mass of cymbals and tam-tams. In a stroke designed

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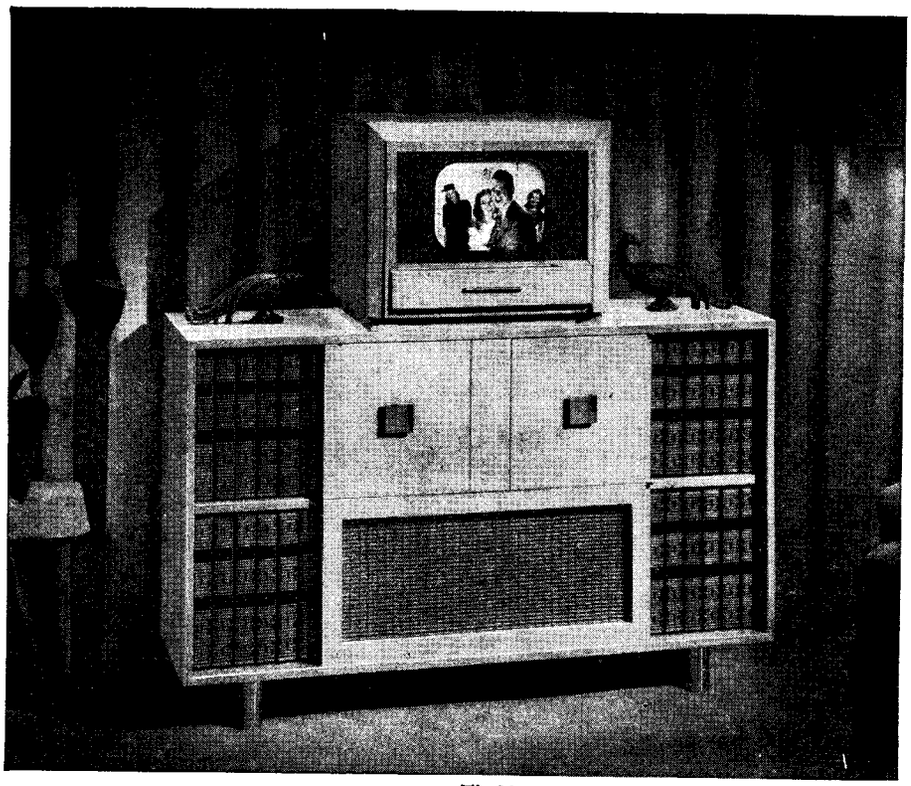

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to suggest the opening of the earth. he could hardly have done less; and esthetically he stands on as valid ground, seeking the ultimately monumental in music, as did Michelangelo and Tintoretto in planning their vast frescoes of Paradise. One can take the baroque or leave it, not deny it.

Unfortunately, the crack of doom is not heard with the required force or distinctness on the records. One has the impression that the engineer was over-cautious at this point. The magnificence of the Lacrimosa, another of the Requiem's big numbers, is captured more successfully in performance.

It is to be regretted that Columbia did not issue a translation of the handsome booklet provided with the French edition of the recording. The current American manual contains the text of the Requiem but is marred by an introduction which, limited in scope, also carries some factual errors. This is a small point, though, beside the gain of having at hand a dignified and authentic recording of the "Grande Messe des Morts." Perhaps the invisibility of the forces employed will oblige the listener to concentrate entirely on what so many commentators have ignored in the work till now: not the mechanical means—which are incidental—but the deeply moving artistic end.

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RECORDS

OVER THE

NATION

The Saturday Review's

Monthly Dealer Survey of Top-Selling Records in the Leading Stores of the Country

Some Highs and Lows

TWO STANDARDS—OR THREE?

FOR a number of years, before LP records appeared, it seemed as though we were on a slow road to standardization in the record industry on something more than seventy-eight turns per minute. Some progress had been made, in the recording characteristic, in groove shape, needle shape, and other vital matters; if not one, then no more than two or three types of usage were common in each area. And we were approaching a near-universal standard in one respect, the physical size of the pickup cartridge. The great majority, both crystal and magnetic, are now interchangeable in the mounting, to the point where we may perhaps suspect those who use non-standard types of desiring non-interchangeability in favor of their own replacement products. Even the matter of weight and output has become reasonably simplified; the new crystals run between three-quarters and one and one-quarter ounces and produce on the average about one volt, the magnetics similarly with preamplifier.

And now, Microgroove. We must accept the fact that here is a break that means new standards all along the line, including pickup size. We do not like to buy two machines where before one sufficed, but we reluctantly recognize that no basic improvement of this sort can come without an interval of dual standardship. If we accept it, then we are extremely sure that we want no additional complications. Yet look what is already stirring!

The LP records brought with them a radically new type of tiny plug-in cartridge, smaller and lighter than a sugar lump, to run at one-sixth ounce featherweight. A new standard? By every indication, yes. But already Astatic has produced its equivalent LP cartridge, and it is *almost* but not quite interchangeable physically with the Philco-Columbia unit. Though this may be remedied later on via a special Astatic model, the disparity is salt in a fresh wound, and the dichotomy will persist. But this is only a beginning. Numerous LP cartridges, both crystal and magnetic, are appearing in the old, much larger standard size, suggesting an interchangeability with existing cartridges that is misleading because of the sharp difference in required weight for old-fashioned and LP playing in most cases. (LP records must be played, under any circumstances, with no more than the feathery one-sixth-ounce pressure, and arm weight must somehow be adjusted to this.) As though to point up the makeshift character of this resort to the old standard for the new, Astatic has made available a cartridge *for standard records* instantly interchangeable with the small-size LP unit, one that plays regular records with the same featherweight and in the same arm as the LP cartridge. This makes it abundantly clear that not only do we have a new standard shape for LP cartridges but that this shape is likely to spread to standard 78 rpm, playing as well at a great saving in space, weight, and record wear. A fine confusion, then, of standard-size units for LP records and LP-size units for standard records, plus numerous aberrations therefrom! What next?

If, thanks to LP, there can already be such confusion in a single aspect of design, then the threat of a third and rival system which still hangs over the industry at this moment is cause for dire concern. Until an announcement of some sort appears from the silent moguls of the "other" companies, we may assume that either they intend eventually to go along with LP once and for all, or to introduce a rival system that would require of us still another set of agonies and confusions. A new third system can mean a suicidal chaos of competition in which it is hard to see how anyone can gain more than wine from sour grapes and an enormous increment of public ill will. We most decidedly do not want any other system now that would mean still more confusion and multiplication of equipment.

We must remember that a large record company is synonymous with its board of directors and its executive officers; these gentlemen make the basic policy decisions and they are not the kind of human beings who relish humility. Pride figures high in such circles. High enough to force the wrecking of a major industry in order that it be satisfied. It is therefore only too likely that the LP "scoop" of last spring has engendered the kind of facial loss elsewhere that leads directly to the very competition we listeners want least.

Not much we can do, except to write, to say, to shout whenever we are able, that we *insist* on complete interchangeability—as at present—between all records issued by the various companies; that we will accept two standards as a transition necessity; but that three is most decidedly one too many. Let's smoke the "other" companies out! —EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

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THE OTHER SIDE

LONDON.

IN SPITE of many attractive sideshows, our October releases are undoubtedly dominated by the music of Beethoven. A new Choral Symphony is rare at the best of times; it is now thirteen years since such an event occurred in this country. When you add to this the fact that neither of the two sets available here (Stokowski and Weingartner) was entirely satisfactory, it may be realized with what eagerness the new Vienna Philharmonic recording has been awaited. Fittingly, its release coincides with a complete Beethoven cycle given in London by this great orchestra.

These concerts were, however, directed by Furtwängler, whereas the recording was made with the orchestra's regular conductor, Herbert von Karajan. The performance is not free from blemishes—what performance of the Ninth ever is?—and the recording, though rich and often very impressive, particularly in the bass, suffers a little from excessive reverberation. Yet the whole has a dignity that was entirely lacking with Stokowski, and far more strength than Weingartner and the recording technique of the early Thirties could summon. The splendid orchestral playing is matched by four soloists—Schwarzkopf, Hoengen, Patzak, and Hotter—who triumph over the cruelties of the vocal writing, and a choir whose tone and intonation leave little to be desired. Columbia is to be congratulated.

Decca contributes two other Beethoven works, the Fourth Piano Concerto and the Violin Sonata, Opus 96. The performance of the Concerto by Clara Haskill, with Carlo Zecchi conducting the London Philharmonic, is gentle, competent, and altogether undistinguished. The beautiful G major Sonata is in the experienced hands of Max Rostal and Franz Osborn, who give us their usual intelligent and polished performance. The recording is excellently balanced.

Denis Matthews, a young artist who puts music above mere pianism, has recorded for us, on the Columbia label, Beethoven's E major Sonata, Opus 109. Here is displayed to the full Matthews's fine insight into the music of this composer; though the piano tone is not quite first-rate, this is a recording to be cherished.

While the Tanglewood performances of the Second and Fifth Brandenburg Concerti have met with rather a chilly reception over here, Toscanini's glorious "Freischütz Overture" has thrilled everyone who has heard it. The Philadelphia Orchestra's "First Hungarian Rhapsody" has appeared with a fitting counterpart, a stunning domestic recording of Liszt's "Hungarian Fantasia," in which Solomon reaches new, hitherto unsuspected heights of virtuosity. He is excellently supported by the Philharmonia Orchestra under Walter Süsskind, a young conductor of Czech origin who is building a fine reputation on records.

Two further concerti, neither of them frequently heard in England, make this month's selection a formidable one indeed. Pierre Fournier, one of the very best of France's many new cellists, plays the A minor by Saint-Saëns, and the violinist Simon Goldberg, making a welcome return to records after a prolonged absence, provides unexpected pleasures with a Concerto in C by Haydn. Süsskind again is the conductor for both these welcome recordings.

Schubert's great Piano Trio in B flat, Opus 99, has an unusual history on discs. In England, the famous Casals-Cortot-Thibaud version has remained virtually unchallenged for twenty-two years, until this month in fact. At last HMV has decided to replace it with a recording that does great credit to all concerned, in particular to the engineers. The performance by the Trio di Trieste is technically fully equal to the Heifetz-Feuermann-Rubinstein set (which has never been released in this country) and, apart from an annoying mannerism in the first movement, it is musically most satisfying.

FLAGSTAD'S first recording of the Narration and Curse from Act I of "Tristan" is a great event. It is astounding how fresh and youthful her voice still sounds, and she is now undoubtedly an even finer interpreter of this role than before the war. HMV has not been so mean to her as Columbia was to Helen Traubel, for in Elisabeth Hoengen we have a good Brangaene, and the orchestra under Dobrowen is fully worthy of the venture. The present recording starts with the words "Doch nun von Tristan!"—somewhat earlier than Traubel's. Unfortunately, the problem of recording a voice of this size has still not been entirely solved. The soft passages sound most beautiful and are very true to life, but any loud top note tends to blast the microphone, or at any rate produce a groove shape that is beyond the

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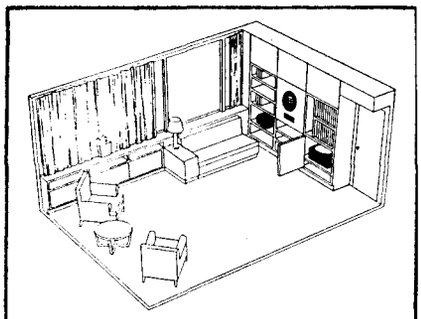

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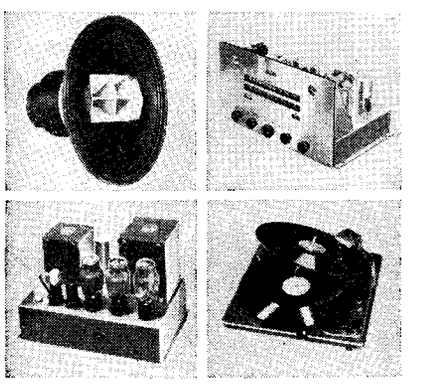

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capabilities of even the most sensitive pickup.

Decca's most interesting contribution to this month's records is the first complete version, and an outstandingly fine one at that, of Ravel's "Shéhérezade" cycle. Ansermet conducts the Paris Conservatoire Orchestra and the singer is Suzanne Danco, a young Belgian soprano who has appeared at La Scala and whose performance as Fiordiligi in "Cosi Fan Tutte" at this year's Edinburgh Festival won her great praise.

Final mention in this rewarding month should go to the forthcoming release of Delius's completed opera "A Village Romeo and Juliet." This is scheduled to appear in mid-October and will take the form of two Society volumes. The recording, as might have been guessed, was directed by that indefatigable Delian, Sir Thomas Beecham. I hope to be able to say more about this next month.

—THOMAS HEINITZ.

Thomas Heinitz conducts the monthly bulletin of The Gramophone Exchange, Ltd., and is widely versed in records from both sides of the Atlantic. He will report regularly on new issues in England.

* * *

ROME.

AMERICA, if I am correctly informed, is currently experiencing the first visit of Victor de Sabata, whose talent as a conductor—according to a large and articulate Italian opinion—is unsurpassed anywhere in the world. Whether his fame will penetrate beyond the range of the Pittsburgh Orchestra, whose season he is initiating, I cannot say; but it would seem peculiar for it to be so restricted in a land which relishes orchestral personalities as much as America does. What I have in mind is brilliantly illustrated in three new Voce del Padrone releases, in which De Sabata conducts Respighi's "Fountains of Rome" (DB 6448-9), Debussy's "Jeux" (DB 6493-4), and the "Sinfonia" from Verdi's "Vespri Siciliani" (DB 6444).

All were recorded during the spring of 1947 in Rome's Teatro Argentina, with the St. Cecilia orchestra. All are impressive performances. All display the orchestra at its very good best, at the level it reaches only under De Sabata, Von Karajan, Furtwängler, and one or two others. All illustrate De Sabata's flair for dramatic contrasts. If they have a fault, it is that reproducing sets now available in Italy will not take the wide frequency range registered by the new English equipment, so that high strings are too often shrill.

I think that Stateside listeners with adequate sets will find the Respighi, when it is available, a desirable purchase. The "Fountains" is the soundest of Respighi's three Roman symphonic poems, and De Sabata appraises well the spirit of his late contemporary. The recording is certainly superior to Columbia's Molajoli-Milan (La Scala) Symphony recording (D 14474/5).

The Debussy *poème dansé* is also entirely satisfactory, and serves to refute the few irreverents who contend that it is only the stormy music that De Sabata handles well. (These are advised to keep their money in their pockets until the De Sabata version of Debussy's "La Mer," recorded last spring, appears.)

As for the final, and briefest, De Sabata item, I confess to a special fondness for this high-spirited Verdiana, with its broad, simple cello melody worthy of a Brahms. De Sabata, who gained his first wide fame as Toscanini's successor at La Scala, does it to a lover's taste. Here the conductor's rhythmic drive finds full play. Moreover, the *forte* passages are remarkable for the way in which decibel is piled on decibel without ever marring the definition of the individual instruments.

Of the summer's other orchestral offerings, most interest will attach to Cetra's belated release of Enrico Mainardi's wartime recording of the Schumann Concerto for Violincello, with the Berlin State Opera Orchestra under Paul van Kempen (OR 5092/4). I noted in the July letter that some of the music cut during the Nazi-Fascist honeymoon was collector's stuff (because of rarity due to lost matrices) and some of it connoisseurs' items (because of excellence). This set falls into the second category. Mainardi, who can play with the best of them, is at top form, as are Van Kempen and the orchestra.

A thing of Pergolesi is a joy forever, to my mind; and I have nothing but praise for the sparkling recording of his Concertino No. 5 in E flat major by the strings of the Italian radio orchestra under Mario Fighera, which Cetra has at last distributed to its Rome dealers (BB 25212). The Largo of this music for violins, viola, celli, and basso continuo has a big, beautiful tune cynics may consider destined for Tin Pan Alley.

Two entries in the field of chamber music merit comment. Trio di Trieste (Dario de Rosa, pianist; Renato Zannetovich, violin; Libero Lana, cello) has recorded for Voce del Padrone the Brahms Trio in C minor (S 10513/5). A comparatively new outfit, heretofore represented in the local catalogues only by Mozart's A flat major Trio (although I understand its recording of the Ravel has drawn critical acclaim in England), the trio adds to its laurels with this Brahms.

THE summer brought some two-score operatic *brani*, but no full operas. Discs of familiar *arie* are the bread-and-butter of the Italian trade, the counterparts of Crosby and Sinatra and Autry back home. A host of admirers of Gino Bechi, Francesco Albanese, Onelia Fineschi, and other current idols (some of whom owe their popularity more to the movies than to the operatic stage) can be counted on to buy their every offering with uncritical regularity.

Voce del Padrone has had Bechi, the Iago of the Rome opera house's 1947-48 curtain-raiser, record the Credo and Era la Notte from Verdi's "Otello." The soi-disant "Mr. Baritone" fares ill here, especially if his efforts are compared with Cetra's recent release of the same two sides by Sved (BB 25192). Where Bechi is sometimes nasal, and careless of diction, Sved's big, warm, exciting voice, throbs through the arias impressively.

Bechi has also recorded the familiar Prologue from "Pagliacci" (DB 6507). The same criticisms apply, though he has passages of undeniable dramatic effectiveness. I like the happy-go-lucky Bechi, and he can act; but I am afraid there is something to the oft-heard suggestion that his lucrative movie work has dimmed his interest in opera.

Just reaching dealers, too, are two fine sides by Italo Tajo, newly engaged for the Metropolitan. They are the brief Vecchia Zimarra (Coat Song) from "Bohême" and Mephistopheles' Serenade from Gounod's "Faust" (BB 25189). Tajo's mocking laughter at the close of the second is a masterpiece of sardonic virtuosity, worth study by all aspiring to this rich, if difficult, role.

Memo to *SRL* readers considering Christmas presents for discophile friends in Italy: permanent, semi-permanent, or just plain steel needles will be warmly welcomed; Italian varieties of the first two are virtually non-existent, and the best local points scarcely last out one twelve-inch side.

—JOHN P. MCKNIGHT.

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Recordings Reports on Current Pop Releases

PERFORMER, SONG, DATA	REPORT
Armstrong, Louis, and Teagarden, Jack: "A Song Was Born." RCA Victor, 20-3063, 75¢.	Interesting if you care to hear what has happened to Dvorak's "Largo" from the "New World Symphony." Otherwise, "Pops" and "Big Gate" a little more synthetic than customary. "Before Long," on the other side, isn't as good.
Arnaz, Desi: "Quizas, Quizas, Quizas." RCA Victor 20-3113, 75¢.	Preference is given here to the Spanish title, rather than its equivalent English of "Perhaps, Perhaps, Perhaps," because that's the part of the record Arnaz does best. Good solid tune by Osvaldo Farres, gracefully played. "The Matador," a "novelty" tune, is its partner, and like most such, not very novel.
Basie, Count: "Bye Baby Bye." RCA Victor 20-3051, 75¢.	A retake on Jimmy Rushing's "blues" shouting, not as spontaneous as it was in the pre-Strand, pre-plush days of Basie. There's a lot more music in a Dickie Wells original titled "Just a Minute," on the B side. Attractive muted trumpets, good rhythm, and somebody's potent tenor.
Eckstine, Billy: "You're My Everything." National 9052, 79¢.	The cavernous voice of Eckstine, quivering and quaking, is paired with "Cool Breeze," one of Dizzy Gillespie's bebop promulgations. Since we don't like either, and both have their following, this will probably appeal mightily to anyone who mistrusts this department's judgment.
Felice, Ernie: "Oodles of Boodle and Batches of Scratch." Capitol 15228, 79¢.	A Nat Cole-ish voice in a Nat Cole-ish tune—actually by Tom Mack and Sonny Burke—acquaints us with the talented Felice. His workmen are somewhat on the order of the Mooney Quartet, comprising accordion (Felice), clarinet, bass, and guitar. Along with it is smooth work on the old favorite "Love Me or Leave Me."
Herman, Woodie: "Four Brothers." Columbia 38304, 75¢.	Not much that will add to the reputation of the great man in this instrumental; or, for that matter, in his vocal in "No Time," a grinding bit of business based on Chopin's Waltz in C sharp minor.
Kaye, Sammy: "Green Up Time." RCA Victor 20-3063, 75¢.	A pleasant device contrived by Kurt Weill for "Love Life," delivered in gentlemanly fashion by Kaye and his swayers. Overside is "Here I'll Stay," also from the same show. Neither is a "September Song," but as show music is going just now, relatively distinguished.
Martin, Dean, and Lewis, Jerry: "The Money Song." Capitol 15249, 79¢.	Just to prove that everything is on the level and records appearing now were actually made last year, here is an item from the Harold Rome score of "That's the Ticket" which started out bravely in the direction of Broadway early in the fall, and didn't get further than Philadelphia (practically no distance at all). This is not exceptional Rome, but a well-built song by any standards. Overside the Martin-Lewis hatchet is applied to "That Certain Party," in a routine that might pay off on a night club floor, but which is hard to see—literally or figuratively—on a record. Martin, incidentally, is a vocal replica of Crosby on both sides—which may be carrying his talents as a mimic too far.
Sablon, Jean: "Marianne." RCA Victor 20-3111, 75¢.	The famous old Donato tango fitted out with a lyric, and sung with insinuating art by the formidable Sablon. The words are less than Byronic, but they justify Sablon's dalliance with the material. "Marianne's" partner is "Lillette," a livelier gal who would look better on the arm of Chevalier than Sablon.
Stafford, Jo: "In the Still of the Night." Capitol 15218, 79¢.	A classic vocalization of the gilded Porter tune, which makes most of today's seem like so much mumbo jumbo. A deft job of accompaniment, too, by Paul Weston and orchestra. "By the Way," from "When My Baby Smiles at Me," is the backing, and not likely to distract attention from Porter.
Terry, Sonny: "Harmonica Rag." Capitol 15237, 79¢.	Those unacquainted with the phonographic career of Sonny Terry may remember him as the first figure discovered on stage when the curtain rose on "Finian's Rainbow," giving color to the scene with his harmonica beats and off-tone vocalization. Here is more of the same, in a kind of indigenous art difficult to describe. With it is "Early Morning Blues," another of Terry's compositions full of the wail and bitterness that seems to brew only in the hearts of the blind.

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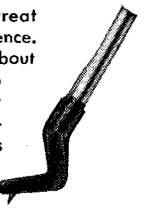

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THE YOUNGER SET

A VOLUME that will repay an investment even at the expense of skipping a month's record purchases (if you are budgeted that closely) is "A Guide to Children's Records" by Philip Eisenberg and Hecky Krasno (Crown, $2). Intelligently planned, it presents its material in age groupings from two to fifteen years; but if you are looking for a specific title, the ample index will provide the answer.

Where material has been duplicated by various companies or performers, the authors have compared the issues and offered their recommendations based on the strong points and weaknesses of each. Though the field is a varied and complex one, the authors have well proved their competence to deal with it: Krasno by his authorship of a number of successful children's recordings, and Eisenberg by his background as a research psychologist with the Columbia Broadcasting System.

We take issue with the writers, however, in their evaluation of the low-priced plastic records of the "Golden Record" variety which they veto on the basis of faulty processing. From personal trial and reports from retail outlets, the value of these issues is definite, especially for the youngest listeners who tire of things easily and whose tastes change rapidly. For them, low-price records are definitely desirable, since the expense of replacing them with something new is small. Also, we might mention that the authors omit the notation that "Playtime Records" are now available on 100 per cent Vinylite, with considerable improvement in the recorded quality.

In other respects, however, the volume is excellently contrived, full of buying suggestions which you may follow with confidence. Also worth commendation is the introductory discussion of children's tastes and preferences, which will provide guidance to future issues not included in the volume.

Of special interest this month are the records of Allegro, a recent arrival in the 99¢ category which specializes in activity records. Typical of the approach is Crane Calder's treatment of the "Nutcracker Suite" (AJ 13). The narration is interspersed with repeated strains of the Tchaikovsky music to which the child can participate by dancing. Calder's voice is pleasant, the narrative well paced and intelligently supervised. Other titles are "Skip to My Lou" (AJ 5), "Let's Play Animals" (AJ 8), and "The Birthday Record" (AJ 7). The age recommendations are, in order, five to eight, three to six, two to five, and, for "The Birthday Record," pretty much the whole range.

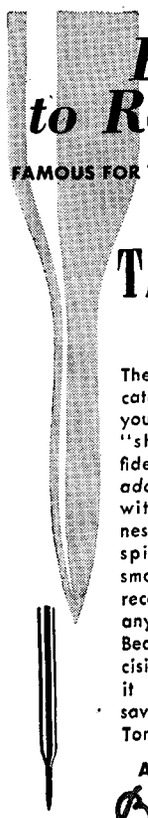
Continuing the Bozo series so popular with children, Capitol offers the piscatorial adventures of "Bozo Under the Sea" (DB X99, $3.68) written and produced by Alan Livingston with original music by Billy May. The accompanying reader provides a two-fold interest for the young deep-sea diver, acquainting him with a phase of natural science once much more difficult to learn about. Of special note are the sound effects, certain to fascinate the young.

Two of RCA Victor's best-known personalities have been commandeered for children's material, both with conspicuous success. In "The Boy Who Sang for the King" (Y 376, $2.25) Dennis Day's skill as a mimic is put to clever use. A rather imaginative, unusual story profits from the charm of Day's voice, the warmth of his personality, and his keen enjoyment of what he is doing. In "How the Circus Learned to Smile" (Y 377, $2.25). Spike Jones and his City Slickers have apt material for their exuberant kind of performance. This is an exciting fantasy with all the circus background noises realistically reproduced.

Frank Luther has done another fine job in his original version of the old favorite "The Shoemaker and the Elves" (Decca CU S8, $1.25), performed with an orchestra and Milt Herth at the organ. Luther has had the amusing idea of renaming the elves, who now answer to the names of Eelfen, Ilfen, Awflen, and Ooflen. It's good fun, excellently produced. For the approaching holiday season, Decca offers "Grandma's Thanksgiving" done by the assembled forces of Fred Waring Glee Club and Orchestra. Basically the story is derived from Lydia Maria Child's "Over the River and Through the Woods," enlarged and produced with the showmanship for which Waring is famous. The turkey will unquestionably taste better with this appetizer. (DB S 92, $2.87 unbreakable.)

The whole family will also respond to Charles Laughton's "Reading of Bible Texts" (Decca DU 15, 16, 17, 18, each $2). The subjects thus far offered are "The Garden of Eden," "Noah's Ark," "David and Goliath," and "The Fiery Furnace." Laughton's rich voice, the clarity and color of his readings, the beauty of phrasing are wholly appropriate to the Old Testament texts. It was a wise decision to omit musical background. Dickens enthusiasts will welcome Ronald Colman as Sydney Carton in a recorded treatment of "The Tale of Two Cities," complete with supporting cast, sound effects, and music. For the youngsters, this should be a stimulation to read the original. (Decca, DA 696, $3.85.)

—MARIE L. MUTCH.



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THE JAZZ BEAT

DELAUNAY UP TO DATE

IT WAS said that fortunes were being made on the green ink concession at 14 Rue Chaptal, where Charles Delaunay was working on his *chef-d'oeuvre* (*NEW HOT DISCOGRAPHY. Edited by Walter E. Schaap and George Avakian. New York: Criterion Music Corp.* 1948. 608 *pp.* $6). American soldiers back in 1944 who were fortunate enough to visit this address (the Paris cell of the Hot Club du France) in search of a few recorded kicks would notice a ration-lean figure at a desk near the window making tiny emerald words fly from his fountain pen. Totally oblivious to the din of GI collectors arguing with their Gallic counterparts, the stridencies of an Armstrong solo, or the hoarse statements of Johnny Dodds, the discographer worked on until the place began to clear out around eleven or twelve o'clock; then he would be able really to concentrate in the quiet, and many mornings found him scribbling away until he fell asleep across the reams of recording data.

Now, hard work alone never made a masterpiece, and the fact that this new book is a product of almost superhuman enterprise and diligence on the part of M. Delaunay and Messrs. Schaap and Avakian means nothing unless the result is sound. Happily it is and all participants are to be congratulated on a reference volume of lasting value to anyone even remotely interested in jazz and near-jazz recordings. It is regrettable that there was not more of the finely conceived art work by Marshall Barer, as perfectly suited a series of drawings as I have seen in many moons.

So far as I know, the idea of a *discographie*, indeed the coinage of the name itself, originated with Delaunay, with the first of these collector's bibles published in 1936. He is the thirty-seven-year-old son of the late Robert Delaunay, *avant-garde* French painter of the Tens and Twenties and, being a talented artist himself, brings an interesting esthetic sensibility and taste to jazz scholarship and criticism. In this field there is ample room, God wot.

The great number of sterile jazz offerings among the releases of the past few ban-racked months are enough to wean a body away from the phonograph. But a look at this rather staggering piece of work, a lasting monument to the jazz idiom as well as M. Delaunay himself, makes me proud of the opportunity to listen, makes me realize that the contention between labor and capital will eventually pass, makes me *know* it.

CHARLIE PARKER ALL STARS: *"Cheers"; "Carving the Bird."* (Dial 1013, $1.05.)

Charlie Parker, the alto saxophonist called "Bird" is, along with Lennie Tristano, the most brilliantly creative and generally stunning soloist now making jazz music. This is not written in the sense that I've-got-news-for-you. I am merely getting completely into the now sizable queue of Parker worshippers. This recording and the other recent Parker Dials are the only records I have received in months that I listen to regularly. I feel that the New Orleans style of jazz and its subsequent hybrids have had their say and we should be thankful to have the statements available on records for examination and enjoyment. Be that as it may, the only place that creative jazz is being purveyed today is on the bebop front with Charlie Parker as the leader.

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Letters to the *RECORDINGS* Editor

Prospects Nil

SIR: I should like very much to hear:

a) The balcony scene with George Marshall as Romeo and V. Molotov as Juliet.

b) A complete recording of the "Ring" on long playing records under Toscanini, with Melchior, Traubel, Flagstad, and Kipnis.

J. DIETHER.

Santa Monica, Cal.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *We'd say your chances were about equal—with a shade more probability of the former coming to pass.*

Records for GI's?

SIR: In the splendid article entitled "Parlez vous Bengali" . . . you said that certain language courses could be obtained by vets on the GI Bill. Would you please let me know how this is done? Your article has aroused much curiosity among our group and we are very interested.

R. E. CARVER.

Greenville, S. C.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *To Mr. Carver and other vets who inquired, we pass on the information that this possibility has been advanced by the companies involved (Cortinaphone and Linguaphone). It appears that one cannot obtain the albums entirely, at one time, but by enrolling for a course in which these records are utilized, they can be financed under GI Bill of Rights provisions. The companies themselves would be the best source of information.*

New Records?

SIR: May I bother you to clear up a point about which I am confused? It is my understanding that there exists at present, and has existed for some time, a ban on new recordings. In the face of this, what are these new recordings which are reviewed?

GERALDINE GLUCKMAN.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The "new" recordings now being issued were all made prior to January 1, 1948. Since the industry had been warned two months before that the contract would not be renewed, vast preparations were made to record materials in all categories prior to the shutdown. Of course, more recent material continues to come in from abroad, where musicians have never ceased recording.*

"Highest Bidder" and Cut-Outs

SIR: In "Sold to the Highest Bidder," of your last issue, a brief paragraph is devoted to one "answer, or rather palliative," to the problem caused by the deletion of records from the catalogues. This suggestion is a central archive where recordings of historical and musical importance could be preserved for study and comparison. I read this with special interest as, though few people know about it, just such an archive was started in the Music Division of the New York Public Library . . . some ten years ago. . . . It embraces not only all kinds of standard and folk music, but popular and dance recordings as well. . . . But, with its present shortage of funds, the Library simply cannot make the collection available.

PHILIP L. MILLER,
Music Division,
New York Public Library.

New York, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *What Mr. Miller is too modest to say is that he has done a staggering job of collating record information from all over the world and the record collection is a treasure trove of material. Either a city appropriation or an endowment is needed to service this material, and we herewith subscribe the first $50. That leaves about $14,950 of the amount needed for a year's operations. Are there 299 more archivists in the house?*

More About LP

SIR: Your disapproval of Columbia's Eighth Symphony of Beethoven on two sides of a ten-inch long playing record (instead of being coupled with something else on a twelve-inch disc) is noted and condemned. Long players should not be made the vehicle of forcing a tie-in sale on customers. Lots of people may want Beethoven's Eighth by Weingartner, for example, who don't want Beethoven's First by Weingartner, or whatever else the coupling may be. As far as possible —and I mean very far—the rule should be one record, one work. . . . Do the long players have an ungrooved blank between movements of a single work all on one side? If not, they should.

"PARSIFAL."

Washington, D. C.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Like every LP record, this discussion has two sides. Do we want continuous music at the jeopardy of an undesirable tie-in or do we sacrifice continuity (beyond a movement or two) for mere selectivity? For our part, we prefer continuity with a reasonable coupling, such as a Weingartner Beethoven No. 1, to which "Parsifal" objects. Perhaps Columbia can solve the problem by issuing an "Eighth" in two forms; on one side of a twelve-inch LP, and on two sides of a ten-inch—thus making everybody happy: except somebody who doesn't like Beethoven anyway. To the second query, the answer is an emphatic YES. All separate items on LP records are separated by blank grooves.*

A Hand for an Arm

SIR: I was transferred from the States before I could find out whether the Columbia album of Madeleine Grey's "Chants d'Auvergne" was finally made available again or not. Can you give me the album number and a possible source from which to purchase it? If my letter can do any good, add me as a buyer post-haste for Schönberg's "Gurre-Lieder." . . . I'd give my right arm for it.

JAMES H. DAY,
Sergeant, U. S. Army.

Seoul, Korea.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Sgt. Day's arm is not in jeopardy, for RCA Victor notes that the "Gurrelieder" is a fourteen-record album (at present quotations, an $18.50 buy) and there are simply not enough prospective customers for a reissue. The "Chants d'Auvergne" are now noted as album 758 in the Columbia catalogue, and as items of general stock should be available from any shop with a full inventory.*

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Records Over the Nation

A Dealer Survey of Top Record Sellers

City and Store	*Popular Singles*	*Popular Albums*	*Classical Singles*	*Classical Albums*
ATLANTA (*Tyler's Gramophone Shop*)	12th St. Rag (Cap)	Mood Ellington (C)	Martern Aller Arten (HMV)	Brahms First (HMV)
BIRMINGHAM (*Stairway to Music*)	12th St. Rag (Cap)	Rhythm on Reeds (L)	Prokofieff Toccata (RCA)	Brahms Requiem (C)
BOSTON (*Mosher Music Co.*)	Tree in the Meadow (L)	Victor Borge (C)	La Campanella (RCA)	Korjus Waltzes (RCA)
CHICAGO (*Hudson-Ross, Inc.*)	It's Magic (C)	Rhumba da Cuba (Cap)	Bluebird of Happiness (RCA)	Lecuona Music (RCA)
(*Lyon & Healy, Inc.*)	Tree in the Meadow (Cap)	Annie Get Your Gun (D)	Fiddle Faddle (RCA)	Tristan Prelude (RCA)
CINCINNATI (*Steinberg's, Inc.*)	Cool Water (RCA)	Gay Nineties (D)	Salome's Dance (RCA)	Elektra (RCA)
DALLAS (*Whittle Music Co.*)	12th St. Rag (Cap)	Samba with Cugat (C)	Bluebird (RCA)	Nutcracker Suite (C)
DETROIT (*Campus Record Shop*)	For Every Man (RCA)	Student Prince (RCA)	La Calunnia (C)	Beethoven Seventh (RCA)
(*Doubleday Book Shop*)	It's Magic (C)	Manhattan Tower (D)	Bluebird (RCA)	Chopin Favorites (RCA)
KANSAS CITY (*Jenkins Music Co.*)	Tree in the Meadow (Cap)	Al Jolson (D)	Bluebird (RCA)	Chopin Favorites (RCA)
LOS ANGELES (*Birkel-Richardson*)	Buttons and Bows (C)	Samba with Cugat (C)	Salome's Dance (RCA)	Korjus Waltzes (RCA)
MEMPHIS (*Gage & Co.*)	Life Gets Teejus (MGM)	Songs of Our Times (D)	Bluebird (RCA)	Pictures at an Exhibition (RCA)
(*Words & Music*)	Tree in the Meadow (Cap)	Samba with Cugat (C)	Clair de Lune (RCA)	Erna Sack Album (M)
MINNEAPOLIS (*Don Leary's, Inc.*)	Buttons and Bows (C)	Previn Plays (RCA)	Jalousie (RCA)	The Comedians (C)
NEW ORLEANS (*Van Husen Music Co.*)	Buttons and Bows (C)	Oklahoma! (D)	Cherry Duet (RCA)	Songs of Auvergne (C)
NEW YORK (*Doubleday Book Shop*)	La Vie en Rose (C)	Marlene Dietrich (D)	Bluebird (RCA)	Songs of Auvergne (C)
(*Dynamic Electronic*)	It's Magic (C)	Three Suns (RCA)	Bluebird (RCA)	Rosenkavalier Suite (C)
(*Haynes-Griffin*)	Buttons and Bows (C)	Previn Plays (RCA)	Bluebird (RCA)	Wolf-Ferrari Jewels (L)
(*Heins & Bolet*)	Tree in the Meadow (Cap)	Rose Marie (RCA)	Warsaw Concerto (RCA)	Nutcracker Suite (C-LP)
(*Liberty Music Shops*)	Buttons and Bows (C)	Rue Pigalle (V)	Bachianas (C)	Strauss Waltzes (L)
(*Rabson's*)	My Happiness (D)	Latin Rhythms (RCA)	Bachianas (C)	Poulenc Concerto (RCA)
PHILADELPHIA (*Elkan-Vogel*)			Prokofieff Toccata (RCA)	De Falla Spanish Songs (RCA)
(*Jacobs Bros.*)	Underneath the Arches (L)	Lombardoland (D)	June & November (RCA)	Brahms Requiem (C)
(*The Record Shop*)	12th St. Rag (Cap)	Brigadoon (RCA)	Barcarolle (RCA)	Sibelius Second (C)
PITTSBURGH (*National Record Mart*)	Until (RCA)	Brigadoon (RCA)	Bluebird (RCA)	Chopin Favorites (RCA)
PORTLAND, ME. (*Cressey & Allen*)	Buttons and Bows (C)	Twin Pianos-Lombardo (D)	Bluebird (RCA)	Masquerade Suite (RCA)
PORTLAND, ORE. (*Sherman Clay & Co.*)	12th St. Rag (Cap)	Porter-Crosby (D)	Clair de Lune (RCA)	Chopin Favorites (RCA)
ST. LOUIS (*Doubleday Book Shop*)	Tree in the Meadow (Cap)	Blue Danube (L)	Purcell Sonata (EDA)	Harpsichord Treasury (RCA)

Key: C—Columbia C-LP—Columbia Long Playing Cap—Capitol D—Decca EDA—English Decca HMV—His Master's Voice L—London M—Mercury RCA—Victor V—Vox.

Leaders: Dinah Shore's rendition of "Buttons and Bows" and the Capitol version of "Tree in the Meadow" lead the popular single field. Buying of popular albums is still spotty, some preference being shown, however, for "Samba with Cugat." October's winner in the classical single category, Jan Peerce's "Bluebird of Happiness," makes an even more impressive showing this month with ten entries. On the other hand, the First Piano Quartet's "Chopin Favorites," while still first in favor among classical albums, has had its lead cut by one-half.

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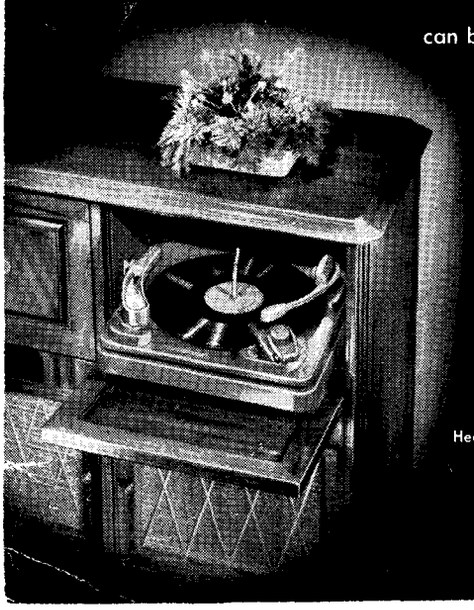

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